TWO HOURS WITH IVANHOE

SIR WALTER SCOTT

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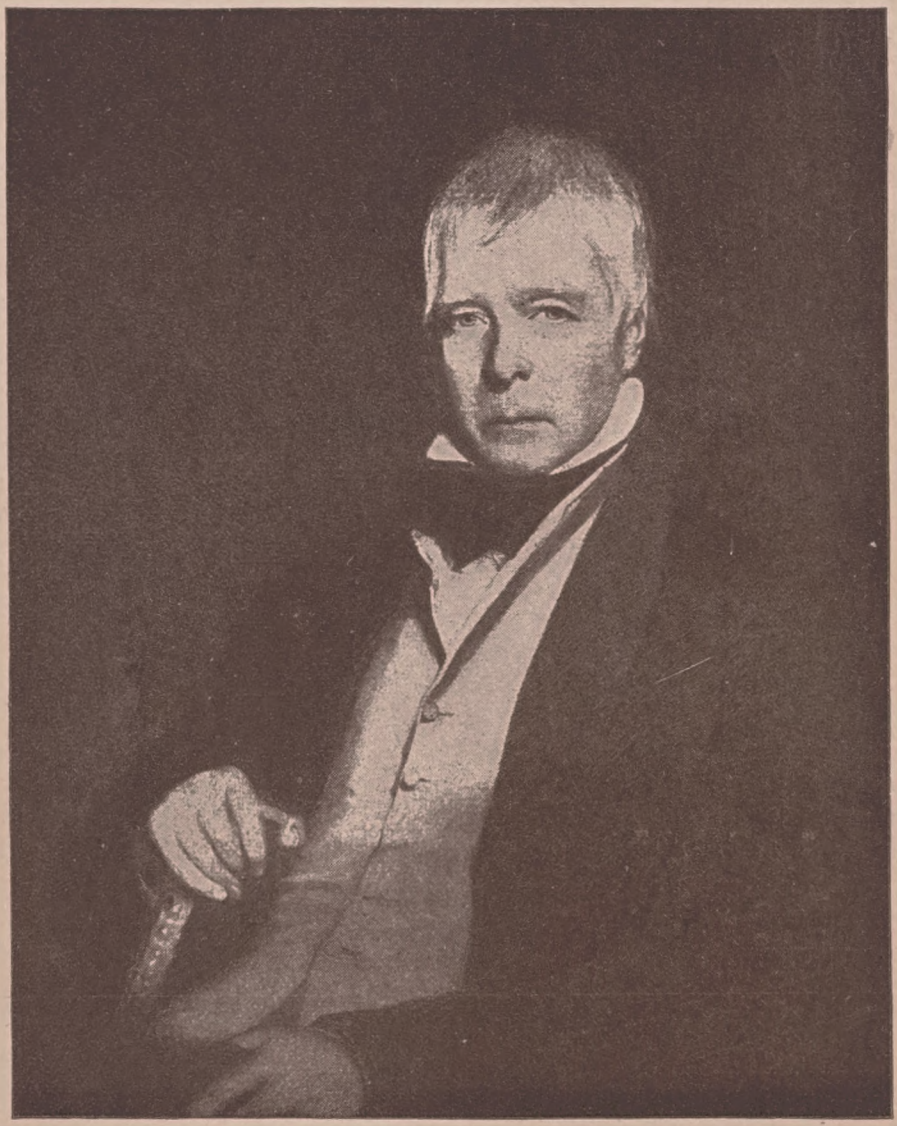

SIR WALTER SCOTT

From the painting by Leslie (1824)

SCOTT

Two Hours with Ivanhoe

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BY SHERWIN CODY

PREFACE

The present selection from Ivanhoe is in no sense offered as a substitute for the original novel. Rather it will probably be most interesting to him who has Scott's novel as he wrote it, on his library shelves, and has read it sufficiently often to have learned to love it. In this volume he will have a chance to reread it at a single sitting in about two hours of an evening, and perhaps this bird's eye view will give him quite a new idea of the story. It is hoped that such a person will miss few of his favorite passages. The ideal selection would omit none of those masterly descriptions which make Scott the great novelist he is; but tastes differ so much that the best we can hope is to please the average taste.

There is another use to which the book may be put, and that is in the schoolroom, where the bulk of any long novel makes it too unwieldy to handle. Professor Moulton was one of the first to encourage the idea here put into execution. In a letter to the editor he says: "The series raises a very delicate question—that of condensing classical literature. I am of opinion that this is an absolute necessity in popular education; at the same time, all depends upon the manner in which the editing is done, as to whether you obtain a product better than the full work for some educational purposes, or a product educationally valueless." He was good

enough to add: "Of course each case must be considered on its merits: but I am bound to say that the specimens of your own condensing which I have examined (the present selection from Ivanhoe) were such as left nothing to be desired."

However, Professor Moulton made a few suggestions which have added to the value of the volume, and for which, as well as for his encouragement, the editor offers his cordial thanks.

SHERWIN CODY.

SCOTT

Nowadays novels are more common than any other kind of book. Many people read nothing else, besides the newspaper, and our famous authors are almost all novelists. But this was not always true. There was a time when poetry was more popular than fiction. The first modern novelist was Richardson, the author of *Pamela* and *Clarissa Harlowe;* Henry Fielding wrote *Joseph Andrews* to make fun of Richardson, but it turned out such an interesting story that he wrote his famous *Tom Jones,* a novel little read today, but much admired by Scott, Dickens and Thackeray. Other novels of the same kind were written, and at last Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield;* but after that for thirty or forty years there were no novels published which became very popular. Every one read Scott's long poems, such as *The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Marmion,* and *The Lady of the Lake,* which were almost as popular as novels are in these days.

"The Great Unknown."

But in 1814 there appeared a novel called *Waverley* which seemed so much more interesting than any poem ever written that people could talk of nothing else. No author's name was on the title-page, and no one knew who had written the story. They

called him "The Great Unknown," and wondered how long it would be before he wrote another novel.

They did not have to wait long. Another story by "the Author of *Waverley*" soon came from the printing-press in Edinburgh, where the first great story had originated; and then another and another and another.

What stories those were! They told of wild doings on the Scottish borders in the early days of chieftains of clans fighting battles for their hearths and homes, of princes and beggars and fair ladies that history tells us once had really lived. There were also tales of England in the Middle Ages, of Richard the Lion Hearted and the Knights Templars and Robin Hood; and tales of France, and of the Crusades to the Holy Land in the far East. Those novels were written by the hand of a wizard (they called him "the wizard of the North"), for they made the reader see as with his own eyes the bright and glittering armor, the long lines of knights and squires going to the tourney, the wild green woods where Robin Hood and his men lived and hunted; they dazzled his eyes with the royal processions of Queen Elizabeth, and showed him the beautiful and romantic figure of Mary Queen of Scots; they told the joys and tragedies of humbler women who loved and suffered for their love, and men who did daring and noble deeds for those for whom they cared. History no longer consisted of dry dates and records of battles and names of kings and queens; but the men and women long dead seemed to come trooping back in the pages of the great writer, and the

world loved and grieved and hated and rejoiced with all those people long since dead and gone. No wonder the man who could do all this with his pen became to every one "The Great Unknown," the wonder and the envy of all the rest of the literary world.

For twelve years the mystery was maintained, and then all the world came to know that "the Author of *Waverley*" was Walter Scott, who had already been honored by being knighted as Sir Walter Scott. To us he is the Great Known; but we love him and admire him even more because through the biography written of him by his son-in-law, John Lockhart, we know him as a man and as a writer so well.

Came of a Family of Scotch Knights.

Walter Scott came of a family of Scotch knights and lairds, some of whom were wild enough in their day. One of his ancestors, known as Auld Watt of Harden, was a chieftain whose doughty deeds he himself often sung in ballads, and his beautiful wife, the Flower of Yarrow, was no less famous. Walter's great-grandfather was known as Beardie because he wore his beard long and ragged and quite untrimmed in sorrow for the fate of Bonnie Prince Charlie, the pretender to the English throne; and Beardie must have had some narrow escapes from being hung as a traitor, for those were indeed perilous times. His grandfather was Robert Scott, a younger son intended for a sailor; but he was shipwrecked on his first voyage and decided to give up the sea. Robert's father turned him out

to shift for himself; but a relative gave him the lease of a farm. As Robert had no money to buy sheep and other stock for it, a poor shepherd who had saved up thirty pounds offered to lend him the money for the purpose. They went together to a fair; but while the shepherd was looking for a good bargain in sheep, Robert was examining a horse. When the shepherd came back he found that the young fellow had spent the whole thirty pounds on a fine riding horse; so they went home without the sheep. But Robert was a splendid horseman, and showed the paces of his horse to some of his aristocratic friends to such advantage that he soon sold it at a large profit, and then went and bought the sheep, ever after living the life of a hard-working and prudent farmer.

Meiklemouth Meg.

There is one more story of Scott's ancestors, which is no doubt largely imaginary, but it shows of what stock the border minstrel came. A certain Sir William Scott, in the direct line of Sir Walter's ancestry a good many generations back, was something of a freebooter like Robin Hood. On one occasion he plundered the estate of his neighbor Sir Gideon Murray; but he was caught and brought back to Sir Gideon's castle to be hanged. "The Lady Murray (agreeably to the custom of all ladies in ancient tales) was seated on the battlements, and descried the return of her husband with the prisoners. She immediately inquired what he meant to do with the young Knight of Harden,

which was the familiar title of Sir William Scott. "Hang the robber, assuredly," was the answer of Sir Gideon. "What!" answered the lady, "hang the handsome young knight of Harden when I have three ill-favored daughters unmarried! No, no, Sir Gideon! We'll force him to marry our Meg." Now tradition says that Meg Murray was the ugliest woman in the four counties, and that she was called in the homely dialect of the time Meiklemouth Meg. Sir Gideon, like a good husband and a tender father, entered into his wife's sentiments, and proffered to Sir William the alternative of becoming his son-in-law or decorating with his carcass the kindly gallows of Elibank. The lady was so very ugly that Sir William, the handsomest man of his time, positively refused the honor of her hand. Three days were allowed him to make up his mind; and it was not until he found one end of a rope made fast to his neck and the other knotted to a sturdy oak bough that his resolution gave way and he preferred an ugly wife to the literal noose. It is said they were afterward a very happy couple. It is also said that all their descendants, including the great Sir Walter himself, inherited from "Meiklemouthed Meg" her big mouth.

Scott's father, also named Walter, was a "Writer to the Signet," the Scotch name for a counselor-at-law. He was a handsome man with polished manners and a sweet temper. His wife was equally distinguished, and they had a family of twelve children, only five of whom lived to grow up. Of these,

two were older than Walter and two younger, one of the younger being a sister.

Lame From Childhood.

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh August 15, 1771. He was a lively little boy. One night his nurse had a hard time to catch him and put him to bed. The next morning he was found to have a teething fever, and three days later when the nurse went to bathe him she found that his right leg was paralyzed.

That sad catastrophe affected the whole of his early life. He did in time become able to use his leg again, and as he grew up, though he was lame, he became a famous walker and mountain-climber. Many doctors were consulted; but the only good advice given seemed to be that of his grandfather, who said he should be sent out to the Scott farm at Sandy-Knowe, for which the grandfather, Robert Scott, had bought those sheep so many years before. Here they did many things to cure his leg, among other things wrapping him naked in the warm and bloody skin of a sheep every time one was butchered. Scott says he remembers lying in this covering on the parlor floor at the farm-house, while his grandfather, a venerable old man with white hair, used every excitement to make him crawl. He was a "sweet-tempered bairn, a darling with all about the house," and he liked nothing better than to be carried on the backs of the young work girls who milked the ewes, or to spend the day with the old shepherd who had charge of all

the flocks. When the day was fine they would lay him down beside the shepherd, among the crags or rocks round which he fed his sheep. He was so eager to climb about that he soon began to try to use his leg; and this in time was what really cured him. There is a story of his having been forgotten one day among the knolls when a thunderstorm came on; and his aunt, suddenly recollecting his situation, and running out to bring him home, is said to have found him lying on his back, clapping his hands at the lightning and crying out "Bonny! bonny!" at every flash.

A Precocious Lad.

They took him to Bath, England, where he seems to have picked up the English accent, which is quite different from the Scotch. On his return to his father's house at Edinburgh at the age of six he met a lady named Mrs. Cockburn, who thought him a real genius of a boy. Says she in a letter:

"* * * I last night supped in Mr. Walter Scott's [the father]. He has the most extraordinary genuius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on; it was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. 'There's the mast gone,' says he; 'crash it goes!—they will all perish!' After his agitation, he turns to me. 'That is too melancholy,' says he; 'I had better read you something more amusing.' I preferred a little chat, and asked his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which he gave me wonder-

fully. One of his observations was: 'How strange it is that Adam, just new come into the world, should know everything—that must be the poet's fancy,' says he. But when he was told he was created perfect by God, he instantly yielded. When taken to bed last night, he told his aunt he liked that lady. 'What lady?' says she. 'Why, Mrs. Cockburn; for I think she is a virtuoso like myself.' 'Dear Walter,' says Aunt Jenny, 'what is a virtuoso?' 'Don't ye know? Why, it is one who wishes and will know everything.'

"Now, sir, you will think this a very silly story. Pray, what age do you suppose this boy to be? Name it now, before I tell you. Why, twelve or fourteen. No such thing; he is not quite six years old. [He was, in fact, six years and three months.] He has a lame leg, for which he was a year at Bath, and has acquired the perfect English accent, which he has not lost since he came, and he reads like a Garrick. You will allow this an uncommon exotic."

And so he grew up. Though lame, he was as lively and active as any of them. He was sent to school, and led the battles which the boys in his square fought with the poorer boys in the next square. Another lady has also left a good description of his boyhood. Mrs. Churnside as a girl attended one of the schools where Walter went. Says she:

"His imagination was constantly at work, and he often so engrossed the attention of those who learnt with him that little could be done—Mr. Morton himself being forced to laugh as much as the little

scholars at the odd turns and devices he fell upon; for he did nothing in the ordinary way, but, for example, even when he wanted to ink his pen, would get up some ludicrous story about sending his doggie to the mill again. He also used to interest us in a more serious way, by telling us the visions, as he called them, which he had lying on the floor or sofa, when kept from going to church on a Sunday by ill-health. Child as I was, I could not help being highly delighted with his description of the glories he had seen—his misty and sublime sketches of the regions above, which he had visited in his trance. The marvellous seemed to have such power over him, though the mere offspring of his imagination, that the expression of his face, habitually that of genuine benevolence, mingled with a shrewd and innocent humour, changed greatly while he was speaking of these things, and showed a deep intenseness of feeling, as if he were awed even by his own recital. I may add, that in walking he used always to keep his eyes turned downward as if thinking, but with a pleasing expression of countenance, as if enjoying his thoughts."

Fond of Riding and Walking.

He went to high-school and college, and was a leading member in two literary societies. But best of all he liked excursions into the country, climbing over crags and up mountain sides where others less daring never ventured to go. A friend of his says that more than once on their excursions they proposed getting a ladder to help him down from some

narrow footing on the rocks; but he always managed to find a way to climb either up or down.

When at last he became a lawyer himself, and was appointed sheriff in a country district, he was still as fond as ever of riding or walking on long trips into the border country; and it was his especial delight to learn from all the old women and others the ballads they knew telling of deeds of the Scotch borders. He was a student of history, and every piece of old armor, every moss-covered castle wall, every famous battlefield he visited in his wanderings, made him call up in mind the people who had worn the armor or fought over the castle ramparts, or shed their blood for home and country on the battlefield. To be a minstrel himself, to sing and tell of the famous men and women, and all their life and adventure in the past, became his dearest wish.

Generous Hearted.

Scott was a wonderfully generous, large-hearted man. He helped his friends whenever he could, and seemed really to like to do it; and he was always the peacemaker. For this reason he had very few enemies and many attached friends. Among his early friends he had two nicknames, "Colonel Grogg" and "Duns Scotus." Once at a convivial banquet he said something which he thought might have given offense to his friend William Clerk. The next morning Clerk received the following letter, in which Scott very cleverly manages to use both his familiar names:

"Dear Baronet—I am sorry to find that our friend Colonel Grogg has behaved with a very undue degree of vehemence in a dispute with you last night, occasioned by what I am convinced was a gross misconception of your expressions. As the Colonel, though a military man, is not too haughty to acknowledge an error, he has commissioned me to make his apology as a mutual friend, which I am convinced you will accept from yours ever,

"DUNS SCOTUS."

"Given at Castle Duns, Monday."

It was through his generosity that many of his misfortunes, as well as much of his good fortune, in later life came about. He had for a time gone to school in Kelso, a small country village, where he became acquainted with a boy named James Ballantyne. After Scott went away they did not meet until both had grown up. Both entered the legal profession, and one day were fellow passengers on a stagecoach going up from Edinburgh to Kelso. They renewed their acquaintance, and spent the time singing ballads and telling stories. Ballantyne had not succeeded in law and was going to start a weekly paper at Kelso. Scott became interested, and later asked him to print off some of his ballads to show what he could do. They were so well printed that when Scott (then thirty-one years old) decided to publish the ballads he had picked up about the country, under the title of *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,* he gave Bal-

lantyne the printing job. This undertaking was so successful that Ballantyne moved up to Edinburgh, and Scott became his secret partner in the establishment of the famous "Border Press."

Scott had at this time but a small income from his law practice; but he was sheriff of Selkirk with a salary of about $1,500 a year, and later became clerk in the Sessions Court with a salary of over $6,000 a year. His wife also had an income of $2,500 a year; so he thought he could afford to lend his friend a few thousand pounds, as security for which he received an interest in the business. He also worked hard to get printing for the new press, but kept his connection with it a strict secret.

Publishes His First Book at Thirty-four.

Until Scott was nearly thirty-four he was little more than a well-to-do Scotch gentleman with a taste for antiquities and poetry. He had published a number of books of which the *Border Minstrelsy* alone was successful; and that was not his own work, for he was little more than its editor. But at the end of January, 1805, he published a long poem entitled *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Perhaps he fancied himself to be the minstrel, and he celebrated the deeds of Scottish chieftains in much the style that Horner did those of the kings of Greece in the Iliad and Odyssey more than three thousand years ago.

This poem, in which we find the clash and roar of war, as well as picturesque scenes by highland

hearths, was so full of glowing romance and tender chivalry, of the fire that inspires brave hearts, and the ringing words that strike the ear so musically, that it was immediately read all over the English reading world. It was a Scotch song, but it was liked as well in England as in Scotland, and as well in America as upon the British Isles. After the first edition was sold, Scott disposed of the copyright for $2,500; but the publishers made a fortune out of it.

Success did not spoil him. He remained the same generous, humble-minded man he had always been. But he was pleased to be reckoned among his country's poets. He was a veritable Scottish minstrel.

Three years later, in 1808, he published another long poem, entitled *"Marmion,"* in many respects his greatest poem. It contained the famous description of the battle of Flodden Field. At this time the English were at war with Napoleon in Spain, and one of Scott's friends, a captain at the head of his company, having received a copy of the poem, knelt one day among his men as they lay behind a little hill waiting for the enemy, and read to them the description of the battle. How many battle poems would it be safe to read on a real field of battle?

Scott sold the copyright of this poem for a thousand guineas (about five thousand dollars), and received the money long before he had finished writing it. It proved even more successful than the *Lay of the Last Minstrel. The Lady of the Lake* was the next great poem, published in 1810, just before Scott was forty. It was more popular

even than the first two. "Crowds set off to view the scenery of Loch Katrine, till then comparatively unknown; and as the book came out just before the season for excursions, every house and inn in that neighborhood was crammed." For years the pilgrimages continued. This marked the topmost pinnacle of Scott's fame as a poet. Another long poem, entitled *Rokeby,* was published early in 1813, and still another entitled *The Lord of the Isles,* in 1815, but they were not then and never have been as popular as the earlier ones.

The Ballantynes.

During all this time Scott had been getting deeper and deeper into business. James Ballantyne and his brother, John Ballantyne, were Scott's business agents in all his literary projects; and besides the printing firm of James Ballantyne & Co., a publishing firm known as John Ballantyne & Co. was started. The printing business was always successful and profitable; but the publishing business nearly ruined Scott.

James Ballantyne was a short, thick, but well built man, with a low voice, some literary taste and judgment, and real skill in the printing business. A friend named Leyden hits him off admirably in a letter to Ballantyne himself, as follows: "Methinks I see you with your confounded black beard, bull-neck, and upper lip turned up to your nose, while one of your eyebrows is cocked perpendicularly, and the other forms pretty well the

base of a right-angled triangle, opening your great gloating eyes, and crying, *But, Leyden! ! !*"

John was shorter than James, and was lean as a scarecrow, and he had a sharp treble voice between a croak and a squeak. But he was always gay and full of his jokes and jests and good-humored drollery. Says Mr. Lockhart, "A more reckless, thoughtless, improvident adventurer never rushed into the serious responsibilities of business; but his cleverness, his vivacity, his unaffected zeal, his gay fancy always seeing the light side of everything, his imperturbable, good humour, and buoyant elasticity of spirits made and kept him such a favorite, that I believe Scott would as soon have ordered his dog to be hanged, as have harbored, in his darkest hour of perplexity, the least thought of discarding 'jocund Johnny.'"

There was another man with whom Scott was connected in business, and that was Archibald Constable. He was a much greater man than the Ballantynes, and a daring and successful publisher. He published many of Scott's works; and it was his failure in business that finally caused Scott's ruin.

WAVERLEY.

At the end of 1813 the publishing business of Ballantyne & Co. was in such a bad way that not only both the Ballantynes but Scott as well were on the brink of financial ruin. Something must be done to save the day, and Scott tried to do it. In an old cabinet, while looking for fishing tackle, he

found the beginning of a novel entitled *Waverley,* which he had begun eight years before, and had laid aside because James Ballantyne, to whom he showed what he had written, thought it unworthy of the great poet. But now he read it over, thought better of himself, and finished it in three weeks.

To write two-thirds of a novel in three weeks, especially one as long as *Waverley,* was a feat no novelist had before performed and few since have equalled. Lockhart tells a remarkable story of the tireless energy with which Scott worked, which must be repeated in Lockhart's own words:

"Happening to pass through Edinburgh in June, 1814, I dined one day with a friend whose residence was then in George Street, situated very near and at right angles with North Castle Street (in which was Scott's house). It was a party of very young persons, most of them, like myself, destined for the bar of Scotland, all gay and thoughtless, enjoying the first flush of manhood, with little remembrance of the yesterday, or care of the morrow. When my companion's worthy father and uncle, after seeing two or three bottles go round, left the juveniles to themselves. The weather being hot, we adjourned to a library which had one large window looking northwards. After carousing for an hour or more, I observed that a shade had come over the aspect of my friend, who happened to be placed immediately opposite to myself, and said something that intimated a fear of his being unwell. 'No,' said he, 'I shall be well enough presently if you will only let me sit where you are, and take my chair;

for there is a confounded hand in sight of me here, which has often bothered me before, and now it won't let me fill my glass with a good will.' I rose to change places with him accordingly, and he pointed out to me this hand which, like the writing on Belshazzar's wall, disturbed his hour of hilarity. 'Since we sat down,' he said, 'I have been watching it—it fascinates my eye—it never stops—page after page is finished and thrown on the heap of manuscript, and still it goes on unwearied—and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night—I can't stand a sight of it when I am not at my books.' 'Some stupid, dogged, engrossing clerk, probably,' exclaimed myself or some other giddy youth in our society. 'No, boys,' said our host, 'I well know what hand it is—'t is Walter Scott's.'"

Guy Mannering Written in Six Weeks.

The second novel, *Guy Mannering,* was written in six weeks, about Christmas time the next year, just after Scott had completed his last long poem, *"The Lord of the Isles."* It was written to make money to help Ballantyne and to pay his ever increasing expenses. He called this "refreshing the machine."

And so they came, one after the other, a long one and two or three short ones every year. They were read by every one, they were the wonder of the world, and no one (except three of Scott's friends) knew who was the author. There were years in which Scott received fully one hundred thousand dollars, and the sums piled up higher and

higher every year until there was a time at the end when they far exceeded this sum, and could he have saved the money he would have become a millionaire.

To a man of Scott's large heart and generous temper, half the pleasure in all this success and wealth was in sharing it with his friends, and especially with his wife and children. When scarcely more than a boy he had met a young lady one Sunday evening after church. It began to rain, and he offered her his umbrella. She accepted the offer and he escorted her home. Their friendship grew and ripened. He expected some day to marry her, though she belonged to a greater and wealthier family than his. He was poor, and he must first be sure of his living. He waited patiently; but suddenly, after years of cherished hope, he heard she had married another. How deeply his heart was wounded we can only guess from the slight remarks he made years afterward; but those words hint at a bitterness that was never forgotten. Not long after, he met and married Margaret Charlotte Charpentier, the daughter of a French refugee. She was bright and sweet, and made an excellent wife and a good mother. They had two sons and two daughters.

Scott loved his children and they loved him. He taught them first of all the love of truth; and next skillful horsemanship; for, said he, "without courage there cannot be truth; and without truth there can be no other virtue." Moreover, they never

heard him speak of his own greatness in a boasting way.

James Ballantyne relates that soon after the publication of the *Lady of the Lake* he went into the library at Scott's house, where he found Scott's little daughter Sophia. "Well, Miss Sophia, how do you like the *Lady of the Lake?*" he inquired. Her answer was given with perfect simplicity—"Oh, I have not read it; papa says there's nothing so bad for young people as reading bad poetry." One afternoon Scott's eldest boy came home from school with tears and blood hardened together on his cheeks. "Well, Wat," said his father, "what have you been fighting about today?" With that the boy blushed and hung his head, and at last stammered out—that "he had been called a lassie." "Indeed!" said Mrs. Scott, "this was a terrible mischief, to be sure!" "You may say what you please, mamma," Wat answered roughly, "but I dinna think there's a waufer (shabbier) thing in the world than to be a lassie, to sit boring at a clout." They soon found out that one of the other boys had nicknamed him "The Lady of the Lake." Never having heard of his father's famous poem, he thought it meant some imputation on his prowess.

As wealth came to him, Scott began to buy land and to build a castle which in its way is almost one of the wonders of the world. It had "a tall tower at either end,—sundry zigzag gables, . . . a myriad of indentations and parapets and machiolated eaves; most fantastic waterspouts; labelled windows, not a few of them painted glass; and stones carved with

innumerable heraldries." The interior was furnished in the same knightly style, with old pieces of armor, ancient tapestries, and carved furniture of rare beauty. And about all were broad acres and beautifully kept grounds. Here at Abbotsford he kept open house, and had a hearty welcome for any one who came, whether friend or stranger. He almost fancied himself a feudal baron in a medieval castle.

The Failure of Constable.

When he was at the height of all his splendor and wealth, suddenly he heard that Constable had failed, and with him the printing business of James Ballantyne, leaving debts of £117,000, for which as partner he was liable. He might not have paid them had he chosen to become a bankrupt; but honorably and bravely he declared he would pay them all. Though broken in health because of the vast amount of work he had done, he set at the gigantic task at once. He completed his life of Napoleon, for which he received £18,000, and wrote *Woodstock,* for which he was paid £8,000 more. In an incredibly short time he had paid off £60,000; but his health was gone. He tried to write on, but *Count Robert of Paris* and *Castle Dangerous* were failures. He started for Italy in the hope that he might regain his strength; but he lived but a short time. He died in 1832, a man but little over sixty, yet he died as he had lived, and his last words have become almost a proverb. "Lockhart," said he to his son-in-law, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man,—be virtuous,—

be religious,—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

SHERWIN CODY.

TWO HOURS WITH IVANHOE*

(Ivanhoe, a romantic tale of chivalry in England during the Middle Ages.

Scene—That great forest in the center of England, between Sheffield and Doncaster, made famous by many hard fought battles in the Wars of the Roses, and by the exploits of Robin Hood and his band of gallant outlaws.

Time—The reign of Richard I, called the Lion-hearted, just as he is returning to England after his long captivity.

Not many generations had passed since the Norman conquest, and the Saxons were still restive under the yoke of the haughty barons. The events of the story largely turn upon the friction between conqueror and conquered.)

I.

GATHERING FOR THE FRAY.

(In the first chapter we are presented with two characters, who, though humble, are not the least important in the progress of the story. "The eldest

*Paragraphs in parentheses are in the language of the editor, not that of the original author. The spelling and punctuation are those of the original.

of these men had a stern, savage, and wild aspect." He was clad simply in the tanned skin of an animal, which had an opening at the top for his head and was gathered at the waist by a belt secured by a brass buckle. About his neck was a brass collar, soldered fast so that it could not be removed without a file. On this was engraved in Saxon letters, "Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood."

"Beside the swineherd, for such was Gurth's occupation, was seated a person about ten years younger in appearance, whose dress was of better materials and of a more fantastic description. His jacket had been stained of a bright purple hue, upon which there had been some attempt to paint grotesque ornaments in different colors. To the jacket he added a short cloak, which scarcely reached half way down his thighs; it was of crimson cloth, though a good deal soiled, lined with bright yellow; and as he could transfer it from one shoulder to the other, or at his pleasure draw it all around him, its width, contrasted with its want of longitude, formed a fantastic piece of drapery. He had thin silver bracelets upon his arms, and on his neck a collar of the same metal, bearing the inscription, 'Wamba, the son of Witless, is the thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood.' . . . He was provided also with a cap, having around it more than one bell about the size of those attached to hawks, which jingled as he turned his head to one side or the other." He was Cedric's jester, as might have been seen in the

half-crazed, half-cunning expression of his countenance, as well as by his cap and bells.

It was near nightfall, a thunderstorm was coming on, and these two found themselves with the herd of swine in the depths of the forest. As is the custom in romantic novels, they were soon overtaken by a party of horsemen. Of the two foremost riders, one was an ecclesiastic of high rank, a richly dressed, somewhat corpulent monk, riding on a well-fed, ambling mule.)

The companion of the church dignitary was a man past forty, thin, strong, tall, and muscular; an athletic figure, which long fatigue and constant exercise seemed to have left none of the softer part of the human form, having reduced the whole to brawn, bones, and sinews, which had sustained a thousand toils, and were ready to dare a thousand more. His head was covered with a scarlet cap, faced with fur, of that kind which the French call *mortier,* from its resemblance to the shape of an inverted mortar. His countenance was therefore fully displayed, and its expression was calculated to impress a degree of awe, if not of fear, upon strangers. High features, naturally strong and powerfully expressive, had been burnt almost into Negro blackness by constant exposure to the tropical sun, and might, in their ordinary state, be said to slumber after the storm of passion had passed away; but the projection of the veins of the forehead, the readiness with which the upper lip and its thick black moustaches quivered upon the slightest emotion, plainly intimated that the tempest might be

again and easily awakened. His keen, piercing, dark eyes told in every glance a history of difficulties subdued and dangers dared, and seemed to challenge opposition to his wishes, for the pleasure of sweeping it from his road by a determined exertion of courage and of will; a deep scar on his brow gave additional sternness to his countenance and a sinister expression to one of his eyes, which had been slightly injured on the same occasion, and of which the vision, though perfect, was in a slight and partial degree distorted. . . . .

He rode, not a mule, like his companion, but a strong hackney for the road, to save his gallant war-horse, which a squire led behind, fully accoutred for battle, with a chamfron or plaited head-piece upon his head, having a short spike projecting from the front. On one side of the saddle hung a short battle-axe, richly inlaid with Damascene carving; on the other the rider's plumed head-piece and hood of mail, with a long two-handed sword, used by the chivalry of the period. A second squire held aloft his master's lance, from the extremity of which fluttered a small banderole, or streamer, bearing a cross of the same form with that embroidered upon his cloak. He also carried his small triangular shield, broad enough at the top to protect the breast, and from thence diminishing to a point. It was covered with a scarlet cloth, which prevented the device from being seen."

(Behind follow their squires and attendants. They are Prior Aymer, of Jorvaulx Abbey, and the knight Brian de Bois-Guilbert. of the order of

Knights Templars, lately returned from the Holy Land.

They inquire the way to Cedric's, where they intend to ask a night's lodging. Wamba, the fool, wants no Normans intruding upon his Saxon thane, and bids them turn to the left, when they come to a certain sunken cross where four roads meet. Fortunately for them they find at the foot of this sunken cross a man who proves a better guide. He calls himself a Palmer just returned from Palestine; but as he was brought up in those parts he knows every foot of the forest, and soon takes them to Rotherwood.)

II

THE HALL OF THE SAXON.

In a hall, the height of which was greatly disproportioned to its extreme length and width, a long oaken table formed of planks rough-hewn from the forest, and which had scarcely received any polish, stood ready prepared for the evening meal of Cedric the Saxon. The roof, composed of beams and rafters, had nothing to divide the apartment from the sky excepting the planking and thatch; there was a huge fireplace at either end of the hall, but, as the chimneys were constructed in a very clumsy manner, at least as much of the smoke found its way into the apartments as escaped by the proper vent. The constant vapour which this occasioned had polished the rafters and beams

of the low-browed hall, by encrusting them with a black varnish of soot. On the sides of the apartment hung implements of war and of the chase, and there were at each corner folding doors, which gave access to other parts of the extensive building.

The other appointments of the mansion partook of the rude simplicity of the Saxon period, which Cedric piqued himself upon maintaining. The floor was composed of earth mixed with lime, trodden into a hard substance, such as is often employed in flooring our modern barns. For about one quarter of the length of the apartment the floor was raised by a step, and this space, which was called the dais, was occupied only by the principal members of the family and visitors of distinction. For this purpose, a table richly covered with scarlet cloth was placed transversely across the platform, from the middle of which ran the longer and lower board, at which the domestics and inferior persons fed, down towards the bottom of the hall. The whole resembled the form of the letter T, or some of those ancient dinner-tables which, arranged on the same principles, may be still seen in the antique Colleges of Oxford or Cambridge. Massive chairs and settles of carved oak were placed upon the dais, and over these seats and the more elevated table was fastened a canopy of cloth, which served in some degree to protect the dignitaries who occupied that distinguished station from the weather, and especially from the rain, which in

some places found its way through the ill-constructed roof.

The walls of this upper end of the hall, as far as the dais extended, were covered with hangings or curtains, and upon the floor there was a carpet, both of which were adorned with some attempts at tapestry or embroidery, executed with brilliant, or rather gaudy, colouring. Over the lower range of table, the roof, as we have noticed, had no covering; the rough plastered walls were left bare, and the rude earthen floor was uncarpeted; the board was uncovered by a cloth, and rude massive benches supplied the place of chairs.

In the centre of the upper table were placed two chairs more elevated than the rest, for the master and mistress of the family, who presided over the scene of hospitality, and from doing so derived their Saxon title of honour, which signifies "the Dividers of Bread."

To each of these chairs was added a footstool, curiously carved and inlaid with ivory, which mark of distinction was peculiar to them. One of these seats was at present occupied by Cedric the Saxon, who, though but in rank a thane, or, as the Normans called him, a franklin, felt at the delay of his evening meal an irritable impatience which might have become an alderman, whether of ancient or of modern times.

It appeared, indeed, from the countenance of this proprietor, that he was of a frank, but hasty and choleric, temper. He was not above the middle stature, but broad-shouldered, long-armed, and pow-

erfully made, like one accustomed to endure the fatigue of war or of the chase; his face was broad, with large blue eyes, open and frank features, fine teeth, and a well-formed head, altogether expressive of that sort of good humour which often lodges with a sudden and hasty temper. Pride and jealousy there was in his eye, for his life had been spent in asserting rights which were constantly liable to invasion; and the prompt, fiery, and resolute disposition of the man had been kept constantly upon the alert by the circumstances of his situation. His long yellow hair was equally divided on the top of his head and upon his brow, and combed down on each side to the length of his shoulders; it had but little tendency to gray, although Cedric was approaching his sixtieth year.

His dress was a tunic of forest green, furred at the throat and cuffs with what was called minever—a kind of fur inferior in quality to ermine, and formed, it is believed, of the skin of the gray squirrel. This doublet hung unbuttoned over a close dress of scarlet which sate tight to his body; he had breeches of the same, but they did not reach below the lower part of the thigh, leaving the knee exposed. His feet had sandals of the same fashion with the peasants, but of finer materials, and secured in the front with golden clasps. He had bracelets of gold upon his arms, and a broad collar of the same precious metal around his neck. About his waist he wore a richly studded belt, in which was stuck a short, straight, two-edged sword, with a sharp point, so disposed as to hang almost perpen-

dicularly by his side. Behind his seat was hung a scarlet cloth cloak lined with fur, and a cap of the same materials, richly embroidered, which completed the dress of the opulent landholder when he chose to go forth. A short boar-spear, with a broad and bright steel head, also reclined against the back of his chair, which served him, when he walked abroad, for the purposes of a staff or of a weapon, as chance might require.

(Such was the hall of Rotherwood, before which our travelers wound their horns. A warder presently announced them as Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx, and the good knight Brian de Bois-Guilbert, on their way to a tournament to be held not far from Ashby-de-la-Zouche, on the second day from the present. Normans though they were, Cedric could not deny them and their retinue hospitality for the night, and they were shown to apartments that they might change their dress if they chose.

Cedric knit his brows, and fixed his eyes for an instant on the ground; as he raised them, the folding doors at the bottom of the hall were cast wide, and, preceded by the major-domo with his wand, and four domestics bearing blazing torches, the guests of the evening entered the apartment.)

The Prior Aymer had taken the opportunity afforded him of changing his riding robe for one of yet more costly materials, over which he wore a cope curiously embroidered. Besides the massive golden signet ring which marked his ecclesiastical dignity, his fingers, though contrary to the canon, were loaded with precious gems; his sandals were

of the finest leather which was imported from Spain; his beard trimmed to as small dimensions as his order would possibly permit, and his shaven crown concealed by a scarlet cap richly embroidered.

The appearance of the Knight Templar was also changed; and though less studiously bedecked with ornament, his dress was as rich, and his appearance far more commanding, than that of his companion. He had exchanged his shirt of mail for an under tunic of dark purple silk, garnished with furs, over which flowed his long robe of spotless white in ample folds. The eight-pointed cross of his order was cut on the shoulder of his mantle in black velvet. The high cap no longer invested his brows, which were only shaded by short and thick curled hair of a raven blackness, corresponding to his unusually swart complexion. Nothing could be more gracefully majestic than his step and manner, had they not been marked by a predominant air of haughtiness, easily acquired by the exercise of unresisted authority. . . .

When the repast was about to commence, the major-domo, or steward, suddenly raising his wand, said aloud: "Forbear! Place for the Lady Rowena." A side door at the upper end of the hall now opened behind the banquet table, and Rowena, followed by four female attendants, entered the apartment. Cedric, though surprised, and perhaps not altogether agreeably so, at his ward appearing in public on this occasion, hastened to meet her, and to conduct her, with respectful ceremony, to the elevated seat at his own right hand appropriated

to the lady of the mansion. All stood up to receive her; and, replying to their courtesy by a mute gesture of salutation, she moved gracefully forward to assume her place at the board. . . . .

Formed in the best proportions of her sex, Rowena was tall in stature, yet not so much so as to attract observation because of superior height. Her complexion was exquisitely fair, but the noble cast of her head and features prevented the insipidity which sometimes attaches to fair beauties. Her clear blue eye, which sate enshrined beneath a graceful eyebrow of brown, sufficiently marked to give expression to the forehead, seemed capable to kindle as well as melt, to command as well as to beseech. If mildness were the more natural expression of such a combination of features, it was plain that, in the present instance, the exercise of habitual superiority, and the reception of general homage, had given to the Saxon lady a loftier character, which mingled with and qualified that bestowed by nature. Her profuse hair, of a colour betwixt brown and flaxen, was arranged in a fanciful and graceful manner in numerous ringlets, to form which art had probably aided nature. These locks were braided with gems, and being worn at full length, intimated the noble birth and free-born condition of the maiden. A golden chain, to which was attached a small reliquary of the same metal, hung round her neck. She wore bracelets on her arms, which were bare. Her dress was an under-gown and kirtle of pale sea-green silk, over which hung a long, loose robe, which reached to the ground,

having very wide sleeves, which came down, however, very little below the elbow. This robe was crimson, and manufactured out of the very finest wool. A veil of silk, interwoven with gold, was attached to the upper part of it, which could be, at the wearer's pleasure, either drawn over the face and bosom after the Spanish fashion, or disposed as a sort of drapery round the shoulders.

When Rowena perceived the Knight Templar's eyes bent on her with an ardour that, compared with the dark caverns under which they moved, gave them the effect of lighted charcoal, she drew with dignity the veil around her face, as an intimation that the determined freedom of his glance was disagreeable.

Cedric saw the motion and its cause. "Sir Templar," said he, "the cheeks of our Saxon maidens have seen too little of the sun to enable them to bear the fixed glance of a crusader."

"If I have offended," replied Sir Brian, "I crave your pardon—that is, I crave the Lady Rowena's pardon, for my humility will carry me no lower."

"The Lady Rowena," said the Prior, "has punished us all, in chastising the boldness of my friend. Let me hope she will be less cruel to the splendid train which are to meet at the tournament."

(The apology was accepted, and Rowena asked for news from the Holy Land. She was not the daughter of Cedric, only his ward; but he guarded her most jealously. His only son had been banished for making love to her. This son had gone to the Holy Land, and perchance it was news of

him that Rowena was eager to hear. The Templar began to tell what little he knew; but, he was interrupted by Wamba, who had taken his appropriated seat upon a chair, the back of which was decorated with two ass' ears, and which was placed about two steps behind that of his master, who, from time to time, supplied him with victuals from his own trencher; a favour, however, which the Jester shared with the favourite dogs, of whom, as we have already noticed, there were several in attendance. Here sat Wamba, with a small table before him, his heels tucked up against the bar of the chair, his cheeks sucked up so as to make his jaws resemble a pair of nut-crackers, and his eyes half-shut, yet watching with alertness every opportunity to exercise his licensed foolery.

"These truces with the infidels," he exclaimed, without caring how suddenly he interrupted the stately Templar, "make an old man of me!"

"Go to, knave—how so," said Cedric, his features prepared to receive favourably the expected jest.

"Because," answered Wamba, "I remember three of them in my day, each of which was to endure for the course of fifty years; so that, by computation, I must be at least a hundred and fifty years old." . . . .

Conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the porter's page, who announced that there was a stranger at the gate, imploring admittance and hospitality.

"Admit him," said Cedric, "be he who or what he may: a night like that which roars without compels

even wild animals to herd with tame, and to seek the protection of man, their mortal foe, rather than perish by the elements. Let his wants be ministered to with all care; look to it, Oswald."

And the steward left the banqueting hall to see the commands of his patron obeyed.

Oswald, returning, whispered into the ear of his master, "It is a Jew, who calls himself Isaac of York; is it fit I should marshal him into the hall?"

"Let Gurth do thine office, Oswald," said Wamba with his usual effrontery; "the swineherd will be a fit usher to the Jew."

"St. Mary," said the Abbot, crossing himself, "an unbelieving Jew, and admitted into this presence!"

"A dog Jew," echoed the Templar, "to approach a defender of the Holy Sepulchre?"

"By my faith," said Wamba, "it would seem the Templars love the Jews' inheritance better than they do their company."

"Peace, my worthy guests," said Cedric, "my hospitality must not be bounded by your dislikes. If heaven bore with the whole nation of stiff-necked unbelievers for more years than a layman can number, we may endure the presence of one Jew for a few hours. But I constrain no man to converse or to feed with him. Let him have a board and a morsel apart." . . . .

Introduced with little ceremony, and advancing with fear and hesitation, and many a bow of deep humility, a tall thin old man, who, however, had lost by the habit of stooping much of his actual height, approached the lower end of the board. His

features, keen and regular, with an aquiline nose, and piercing black eyes; his high and wrinkled forehead, and long gray hair and beard, would have been considered as handsome, had they not been the marks of a physiognomy peculiar to a race which, during those dark ages, was alike detested by the credulous and prejudiced vulgar, and persecuted by the greedy and rapacious nobility, and who, perhaps owing to that very hatred and persecution, had adopted a national character in which there was much, to say the least, mean and unamiable.

The Jew's dress, which appeared to have suffered considerably from the storm, was a plain russet cloak of many folds, covering a dark purple tunic. He had large boots lined with fur, and a belt around his waist, which sustained a small knife, together with a case for writing materials, but no weapon. He wore a high square yellow cap of a peculiar fashion, assigned to his nation to distinguish them from Christians, and which he doffed with great humility at the door of the hall.

The reception of this person in the hall of Cedric the Saxon was such as might have satisfied the most prejudiced enemy of the tribes of Israel. Cedric himself coldly nodded in answer to the Jew's repeated salutations, and signed to him to take place at the lower end of the table, where, however, no one offered to make room for him. On the contrary, as he passed along the file, casting a timid, supplicating glance, and turning towards each of those who occupied the lower end of the board, the

Saxon domestics squared their shoulders, and continued to devour their supper with great perseverance, paying not the least attention to the wants of the new guest. The attendants of the Abbot crossed themselves, with looks of pious horror, and the very heathen Saracens, as Isaac drew near them, curled up their whiskers with indignation, and laid their hands on their poniards, as if ready to rid themselves by the most desperate means from the apprehended contamination of his nearer approach. . . . .

While Isaac thus stood an outcast in the present society, like his people among the nations, looking in vain for welcome or resting place, the Pilgrim, who sat by the chimney, took compassion upon him, and resigned his seat, saying briefly, "Old man, my garments are dried, my hunger is appeased; thou art both wet and fasting." So saying, he gathered together and brought to a flame the decaying brands which lay scattered on the ample hearth; took from the larger board a mess of pottage and seethed kid, placed it upon the small table at which he had himself supped, and, without waiting the Jew's thanks, went to the other side of the hall, whether from unwillingness to hold more close communication with the object of his benevolence, or from a wish to draw near to the upper end of the table, seemed uncertain.

Had there been painters in those days capable to execute such a subject, the Jew, as he bent his withered form and expanded his chilled and trembling hands over the fire, would have formed no bad em-

blematical personification of the winter season. Having dispelled the cold, he turned eagerly to the smoking mess which was placed before him, and ate with a haste and an apparent relish that seemed to betoken long abstinence from food.

(The conversation interrupted by the entrance of Isaac was promptly resumed, and soon turned upon King Richard, of whom the Templars were no friends.)

"I think, friend Cedric," said Wamba, interfering, "that had Richard of the Lion's Heart been wise enough to have taken a fool's advice, he might have stayed at home with his merry Englishmen, and left the recovery of Jerusalem to those same knights who had most to do with the loss of it."

"Were there, then, none in the English army," said the Lady Rowena, "whose names are worthy to be mentioned with the Knights of the Temple and of St. John?"

"Forgive me, lady," replied De Bois-Guilbert; "the English monarch did indeed bring to Palestine a host of gallant warriors, second only to those whose breasts have been the unceasing bulwark of that blessed land."

"Second to NONE," said the Pilgrim, who had stood near enough to hear, and had listened to this conversation with marked impatience. All turned towards the spot from whence this unexpected asseveration was heard. "I say," repeated the Pilgrim in a firm and strong voice, "that the English chivalry were second to NONE who ever drew sword in defense of the Holy Land. I say besides, for I saw

it, that King Richard himself, and five of his knights, held a tournament after the taking of St. John-de-Acre, as challengers against all comers. I say that, on that day, each knight ran three courses, and cast to the ground three antagonists. I add, that seven of these assailants were Knights of the Temple; and Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert well knows the truth of what I tell you."

(The Templar was intensely angry; but at this point Cedric begged the Palmer to mention the names of the knights who so gallantly upheld the renown of merry England. The champion of Richard mentioned five, the name of the sixth he could not remember.)

"Sir Palmer," said Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, scornfully, "this assumed forgetfulness, after so much has been remembered, comes too late to serve your purpose. I will myself tell the name of the knight before whose lance fortune and my horse's fault occasioned my falling; it was the Knight of Ivanhoe; nor was there one of the six that, for his years, had more renown in arms. Yet this will I say, and loudly—that were he in England, and durst repeat, in this week's tournament, the challenge of St. John-de-Acre, I, mounted and armed as I now am, would give him every advantage of weapons, and abide the result."

"Your challenge would be soon answered," replied the Palmer, "were your antagonist near you. As the matter is, disturb not the peaceful hall with vaunts of the issue of a conflict which you well know cannot take place. If Ivanhoe ever returns

from Palestine, I will be his surety that he meets you."

"A goodly security!" said the Knight Templar; "and what do you proffer as a pledge?"

"This reliquary," said the Palmer, taking a small ivory box from his bosom, and crossing himself, "containing a portion of the true cross, brought from the monastery of Mount Carmel."

The Prior of Jorvaulx crossed himself and repeated a pater noster, in which all devoutly joined, excepting the Jew, the Mohammedans, and the Templar; the latter of whom, without vailing his bonnet or testifying any reverence for the alleged sanctity of the relic, took from his neck a gold chain, which he flung on the board, saying, "Let Prior Aymer hold my pledge and that of this nameless vagrant, in token that, when the Knight of Ivanhoe comes within the four seas of Britain, he underlies the challenge of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, which, if he answer not, I will proclaim him as a coward on the walls of every Temple court in Europe."

"It will not need," said the Lady Rowena, breaking silence: "my voice shall be heard, if no other in this hall is raised, in behalf of the absent Ivanhoe. I affirm he will meet fairly every honourable challenge. Could my weak warrant add security to the inestimable pledge of this holy pilgrim, I would pledge name and fame that Ivanhoe gives this proud knight the meeting he desires."

III.

THE JEW AND THE PALMER.

(When the evening meal was finished and the guests were escorted to their apartments, the Jew was placed in an outer cell, the next but one to Gurth, the swineherd; while between them was lodged the humble Palmer or Pilgrim.

This was fortunate for the Jew, as it proved, for the wanderer from the Holy Land had overheard the Templar give some directions in Arabic to his Moslem attendants, bidding them waylay the Jew and rob him.

At the first sign of daybreak the Pilgrim rose and said his prayers. Then he entered the cell of the Jew and awakened him with his staff. The poor Jew was frightened nearly out of his senses; but at last recovered himself and inquired what was wanted.)

"I come to tell you," said the Palmer, "that if you leave not this mansion instantly, and travel not with some haste, your journey may prove a dangerous one."

"Holy father," said the Jew, "whom could it interest to endanger so poor a wretch as I am?"

"The purpose you can best guess," said the Pilgrim; "but rely on this, that when the Templar crossed the hall yesternight, he spoke to his Mussulman slaves in the Saracen language, which I well understand, and charged them this morning

to watch the journey of the Jew, to seize upon him when at a convenient distance from the mansion, and to conduct him to the castle of Philip de Malvoisin or to that of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf."

(The Palmer next entered the cell of Gurth and bade him let out the Jew and himself. Gurth only growled in reply, "We suffer no visitors to depart by stealth at these unseasonable hours."

"Nevertheless," said the Pilgrim, in a commanding tone, "you will not, I think, refuse me that favour."

So saying, he stooped over the bed of the recumbent swineherd, and whispered something in his ear in Saxon. Gurth started up as if electrified.—The Pilgrim, raising his finger in an attitude as if to express caution, added, "Gurth, beware—thou art wont to be prudent. I say, undo the postern—thou shalt know more anon."

The Pilgrim and the Jew travelled safely together as far as a hill overlooking Sheffield. The Pilgrim pointed to the town lying beneath them, and said, "Here, then, we part.")

"Not till you have had the poor Jew's thanks," said Isaac; "for I presume not to ask you to go with me to my kinsman Zareth's, who might aid me with some means of repaying your good offices."

"I have already said," answered the Pilgrim, "that I desire no recompense. If, among the huge list of thy debtors, thou wilt, for my sake, spare the gyves and the dungeon to some unhappy Christian who stands in thy danger, I shall hold this morning's service to thee well bestowed."

"Stay—stay," said the Jew, laying hold of his garment; "something would I do more than this —something for thyself. God knows the Jew is poor—yes, Isaac is the beggar of his tribe—but forgive me should I guess what thou most lackest at this moment."

"If thou wert to guess truly," said the Palmer, "it is what thou canst not supply, wert thou as wealthy as thou sayest thou art poor."

"As I say!" echoed the Jew. "Oh! believe it, I say but the truth; I am a plundered, indebted, distressed man. Hard hands have wrung from me my goods, my money, my ships, and all that I possessed. Yet I can tell thee what thou lackest, and, it may be, supply it, too. Thy wish even now is for a horse and armour."

(The Palmer was startled, and attempted to defend the humble character he had assumed; but the Jew had seen in the folds of his gown a knight's chain and spurs of gold.)

"In the town of Leicester all men know the rich Jew, Kirjath Jairam of Lombardy; give him this scroll. He hath on sale six Milan harnesses, the worst would suit a crowned head; ten goodly steeds, the worst might mount a king, were he to do battle for his throne. Of these he will give thee thy choice, with everything else that can furnish thee forth for the tournament; when it is over, thou wilt return them safely—unless thou shouldst have wherewith to pay their value to the owner."

IV.

THE TOURNAMENT.

The passage of arms, as it was called, which was to take place at Ashby, in the county of Leicester, as champions of the first renown were to take the field in the presence of Prince John himself, who was expected to grace the lists, had attracted universal attention, and an immense confluence of persons of all ranks hastened upon the appointed morning to the place of combat.

The scene was singularly romantic. On the verge of a wood, which approached to within a mile of the town of Ashby, was an extensive meadow of the finest and most beautiful green turf, surrounded on one side by the forest, and fringed on the other by straggling oak trees, some of which had grown to an immense size. The ground, as if fashioned on purpose for the martial display which was intended, sloped gradually down on all sides to a level bottom, which was inclosed for the lists with strong palisades, forming a space of a quarter of a mile in length, and about half as broad. The form of the inclosure was an oblong square, save that the corners were considerably rounded off, in order to afford more convenience for the spectators. The openings for the entry of the combatants were at the northern and southern extremities of the lists, accessible by strong wooden gates, each wide enough to admit two horsemen riding abreast. At each of

these portals were stationed two heralds, attended by six trumpets, as many pursuivants, and a strong body of men-at-arms, for maintaining order, and ascertaining the quality of the knights who proposed to engage in this martial game.

On a platform beyond the southern entrance, formed by a natural elevation of the ground, were pitched five magnificent pavilions, adorned with pennons of russet and black, the chosen colours of the five knights challengers. The cords of the tents were of the same colour. Before each pavilion was suspended the shield of the knight by whom it was occupied, and beside it stood his squire, quaintly disguised as a salvage or silvan man, or in some other fantastic dress, according to the taste of his master and the character he was pleased to assume during the game. The central pavilion, as the place of honour, had been assigned to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whose renown in all games of chivalry, no less than his connexion with the knights who had undertaken this passage of arms, had occasioned him to be eagerly received into the company of the challengers and even adopted as their chief and leader, though he had so recently joined them. On one side of his tent were pitched those of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf and Richard [Philip] de Malvoisin, and on the other was the pavilion of Hugh de Grantmesnil, a noble baron in the vicinity, whose ancestor had been Lord High Steward of England in the time of the Conqueror and his son William Rufus. Ralph de Vipont, a knight of St. John of Jerusalem, who had some ancient posses-

sions at a place called Heather, near Ashby-de-la-Zouche, occupied the fifth pavilion. From the entrance into the lists a gently sloping passage, ten yards in breadth, led up to the platform on which the tents were pitched. It was strongly secured by a palisade on each side, as was the esplanade in front of the pavilions, and the whole was guarded by men-at-arms.

The northern access to the lists terminated in a similar entrance of thirty feet in breadth, at the extremity of which was a large inclosed space for such knights as might be disposed to enter the lists with the challengers, behind which were placed tents containing refreshments of every kind for their accommodation, with armourers, farriers, and other attendants, in readiness to give their services whereever they might be necessary.

The exterior of the lists was in part occupied by temporary galleries, spread with tapestry and carpets, and accommodated with cushions for the convenience of those ladies and nobles who were expected to attend the tournament. A narrow space betwixt these galleries and the lists gave accommodation for yeomanry and spectators of a better degree than the mere vulgar, and might be compared to the pit of a theater. The promiscuous multitude arranged themselves upon large banks of turf prepared for the purpose, which, aided by the natural elevation of the ground, enabled them to overlook the galleries and obtain a fair view into the lists. Besides the accommodations which these stations afforded, many hundreds had perched themselves on

the branches of the trees which surrounded the meadow; and even the steeple of a country church, at some distance, was crowded with spectators.

It only remains to notice respecting the general arrangement, that one gallery in the very centre of the eastern side of the lists, and consequently exactly opposite to the spot where the shock of the combat was to take place, was raised higher than the others, more richly decorated, and graced by a sort of throne and canopy, on which the royal arms were emblazoned. Squires, pages, and yeomen in rich liveries waited around this place of honour, which was designed for Prince John and his attendants. Opposite to this gallery was another, elevated to the same height, on the western side of the lists; and more gaily, if less sumptuously, decorated than that destined for the Prince himself. A train of pages and of young maidens, the most beautiful who could be selected, gaily dressed in fancy habits of green and pink, surrounded a throne decorated in the same colours. Among pennons and flags bearing wounded hearts, burning hearts, bleeding hearts, bows and quivers, and all the commonplace emblems of the triumphs of Cupid, a blazoned inscription informed the spectators that this seat of honour was designed for *La Royne de la Beaulté et des Amours.* But who was to represent the Queen of Beauty and of Love on the present occasion no one was prepared to guess.

(Crowds were now pouring in from every direction, and the seats were beginning to fill. Cedric and his friends placed themselves in certain of the

higher tier of seats; while in the open space below, corresponding to the pit of a theatre, the poorer gentry and well-to-do yeomen hustled each other for the best places. Among these Isaac of York was trying to make room on the front seat for himself and his daughter, amid the execrations of all about.

Prince John and his retinue had now entered the arena.)

In his joyous caracole round the lists, the attention of the Prince was called by the commotion, not yet subsided, which had attended the ambitious movement of Isaac toward the higher places of the assembly. The quick eye of Prince John instantly recognized the Jew, but was much more agreeably attracted by the beautiful daughter of Zion, who, terrified by the tumult, clung close to the arm of her aged father.

The figure of Rebecca might indeed have compared with the proudest beauties of England, even though it had been judged by as shrewd a connoisseur as Prince John. Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and was shown to advantage by a sort of Eastern dress, which she wore according to the fashion of the females of her nation. Her turban of yellow silk suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well-formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses, which, each arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls, fell down upon as much of a lovely neck and bosom as a simarre

of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting flowers in their natural colours embossed upon a purple ground, permitted to be visible—all these constituted a combination of loveliness which yielded not to the most beautiful of the maidens who surrounded her. It is true, that of the golden and pearl-studded clasps which closed her vest from the throat to the waist, the three uppermost were left unfastened on account of the heat, which something enlarged the prospect to which we allude. A diamond necklace, with pendants of inestimable value, were by this means also made more conspicuous. The feather of an ostrich, fastened in her turban by an agraffe set with brilliants, was another distinction of the beautiful Jewess, scoffed and sneered at by the proud dames who sat above her, but secretly envied by those who affected to deride them.

(Willing to do the Jew a service, in view of certain money dealings which they had, the Prince interfered in behalf of Isaac, and ended by ordering him up into the seats occupied by Cedric and his friends, greatly to their indignation. Even the Jew himself begged to be excused, but the Prince would not permit it.)

"Up, infidel dog, when I command you," said Prince John, "or I will have thy swarthy hide stript off and tanned for horse-furniture!"

Thus urged, the Jew began to ascend the steep and narrow steps which led up to the gallery.

"Let me see," said the Prince, "who dare stop him!" fixing his eye on Cedric, whose attitude intimated his intention to hurl the Jew down headlong.

The catastrophe was prevented by the clown Wamba, who, springing betwixt his master and Isaac, and exclaiming, in answer to the Prince's defiance, "Marry that will I!" opposed to the beard of the Jew a shield of brawn, which he plucked from beneath his cloak, and with which, doubtless, he had furnished himself lest the tournament should have proved longer than his appetite could endure abstinence. Finding the abomination of his tribe opposed to his very nose, while the Jester at the same time flourished his wooden sword above his head, the Jew recoiled, missed his footing, and rolled down the steps—an excellent jest to the spectators, who set up a loud laughter, in which Prince John and his attendants heartily joined.

"Deal me the prize, cousin Prince," said Wamba; "I have vanquished my foe in fair fight with sword and shield," he added, brandishing the brawn in one hand and the wooden sword in the other.

(This was too much, and the Prince was content to make room for Isaac in the front rank in the space below. But for pay he took at parting Isaac's bag of byzants, flinging Wamba a couple of the gold pieces.

It was now decided that the throne of the Queen of Love and Beauty should remain vacant on the first day, and that the successful knight in that day's contests should choose whom he would to sit in that place for the sports of the second day. After this decision had been announced, Prince John ordered the heralds to proclaim the laws of the tournament, which were as follows:)

First, the five challengers were to undertake all comers.

Secondly, any knight proposing to combat might, if he pleased, select a special antagonist from among the challengers, by touching his shield. If he did so with the reverse of his lance, the trial of skill was made with what were called the arms of courtesy, that is, with lances at whose extremity a piece of round flat board was fixed, so that no danger was encountered, save from the shock of the horses and riders. But if the shield was touched with the sharp end of the lance, the combat was understood to be at *outrance,* that is, the knights were to fight with sharp weapons, as in actual battle.

Thirdly, when the knights present had accomplished their vow, by each of them breaking five lances, the Prince was to declare the victor in the first day's tourney, who should receive as prize a war-horse of exquisite beauty and matchless strength; and in addition to this reward of valour, it was now declared, he should have the peculiar honour of naming the Queen of Love and Beauty, by whom the prize should be given on the ensuing day.

Fourthly, it was announced that, on the second day, there should be a general tournament, in which all the knights present, who were desirous to win praise, might take part; and being divided into two bands, of equal numbers, might fight it out manfully until the signal was given by Prince John to cease the combat. The elected Queen of Love and Beauty was then to crown the knight whom the Prince

should adjudge to have borne himself best in this second day, with a coronet composed of thin gold plate, cut into the shape of a laurel crown. On this second day the knightly games ceased. But on that which was to follow, feats of archery, of bull-baiting, and other popular amusements were to be practiced, for the more immediate amusement of the populace. In this manner did Prince John endeavour to lay the foundation of a popularity which he was perpetually throwing down by some inconsiderate act of wanton aggression upon the feelings and prejudices of the people.

The lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful in the northern and midland parts of England; and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators rendered the view as gay as it was rich, while the interior and lower space, filled with the substantial burgesses and yeomen of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe, or border, around this circle of brilliant embroidery, relieving, and at the same time setting off, its splendour.

The heralds finished their proclamation with their usual cry of "Largesse, largesse, gallant knights!" and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries, it being a high point of chivalry to exhibit liberality toward those whom the age accounted at once the secretaries and the historians of honour. The bounty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of "Love of ladies—Death of champions—Honour to the generous

—Glory to the brave!" To which the more humble spectators added their acclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters the flourish of their martial instruments. When these sounds had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession, and none remained within them save the marshals of the field, who, armed cap-à-pie, sat on horseback, motionless as statues, at the opposite ends of the lists. Meantime, the inclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and, when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage, intermixed with glistening helmets and tall lances, to the extremities of which were, in many cases, attached small pennons of about a span's breadth, which, fluttering in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the area; a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. All were splendidly armed, and my Saxon authority (in the Wardour Manuscript) records at great length their devices, their colours, and the embroidery of their horse trappings. It is unnecessary to be particular on these subjects. To borrow lines from a contemporary poet, who has written but too little—

The knights are dust,
And their good swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

Their escutcheons have long mouldered from the walls of their castles. Their castles themselves are but green mounds and shattered ruins: the place that once knew them knows them no more—nay, many a race since theirs has died out and been forgotten in the very land which they occupied with all the authority of feudal proprietors and feudal lords. What, then, would it avail the reader to know their names, or the evanescent symbols of their martial rank?

Now, however, no whit anticipating the oblivion which awaited their names and feats, the champions advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds, and compelling them to move slowly, while, at the same time, they exhibited their paces, together with the grace and dexterity of the riders. As the procession entered the lists, the sound of a wild barbaric music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers, where the performers were concealed. It was of Eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy Land; and the mixture of the cymbals and bells seemed to bid welcome at once, and defiance, to the knights as they advanced. With the eyes of an immense concourse of spectators fixed upon them, the five knights advanced up the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood, and there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse of his lance,

the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself. The lower order of spectators in general—nay, many of the higher class, and it is even said several of the ladies—were rather disappointed at the champions choosing the arms of courtesy. For the same sort of persons who, in the present day, applaud most highly the deepest tragedies were then interested in a tournament exactly in proportion to the danger incurred by the champions engaged.

Having intimated their more pacific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line; while the challengers, sallying each from his pavilion, mounted their horses, and, headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, descended from the platform and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets, they started out against each other at full gallop; and such was the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers, that those opposed to Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front-de-Bœuf rolled on the ground. The antagonist of Grantmesnil, instead of bearing his lance-point fair against the crest or the shield of his enemy, swerved so much from the direct line as to break the weapon athwart the person of his opponent—a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than that of being actually unhorsed, because the latter might happen from accident, whereas the former evinced awkwardness and want of management of the weapon and of the

horse. The fifth knight alone maintained the honour of his party, and parted fairly with the Knight of St. John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side.

The shouts of the multitude, together with the acclamations of the heralds and the clangour of the trumpets, announced the triumph of the victors and the defeat of the vanquished. The former retreated to their pavilions, and the latter, gathering themselves up as they could, withdrew from the lists in disgrace and dejection, to agree with their victors concerning the redemption of their arms and their horses, which, according to the laws of the tournament, they had forfeited. The fifth of their number alone tarried in the lists long enough to be greeted by the applause of the spectators, amongst whom he retreated, to the aggravation, doubtless, of his companions' mortification.

A second and a third party of knights took the field; and although they had various success, yet, upon the whole, the advantage decidedly remained with the challengers, not one of whom lost his seat or swerved from his charge—misfortunes which befell one or two of their antagonists in each encounter. The spirits, therefore, of those opposed to them seemed to be considerably damped by their continued success. Three knights only appeared on the fourth entry, who, avoiding the shields of Bois-Guilbert and Front-de-Bœuf, contented themselves with touching those of the three other knights who had not altogether manifested the same strength and dexterity. This politic selection did not alter the

fortune of the field; the challengers were still successful. One of their antagonists was overthrown; and both the others failed in the *attaint,** that is, in striking the helmet and shield of their antagonist firmly and strongly, with the lance held in a direct line, so that the weapon might break unless the champion was overthrown.

After this fourth encounter, there was a considerable pause; nor did it appear that any one was very desirous of renewing the contest. The spectators murmured among themselves; for, among the challengers, Malvoisin and Front-de-Bœuf were unpopular from their characters, and the others, except Grantmesnil, were disliked as strangers and foreigners. . . .

The pause in the tournament was still uninterrupted, excepting by the voices of the heralds exclaiming: "Love of ladies, splintering of lances! stand forth, gallant knights, fair eyes look upon your deeds!"

The music, also, of the challengers breathed from time to time wild bursts expressive of triumph or defiance, while the clowns grudged a holiday which seemed to pass away in inactivity; and old knights and nobles lamented in whispers the decay of martial spirit, spoke of the triumphs of their younger days, but agreed that the land did not now supply dames of such transcendent beauty as had animated the jousts of former times. Prince John began to talk to his attendants about making ready

*This term of chivalry transferred to the law gives the phrase of being attainted of treason.

the banquet, and the necessity of adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had, with a single spear, overthrown two knights and foiled a third.

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armor, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armour was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado,* signifying Disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favour of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield—touch the Hospitaller's shield; he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping

alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rang again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight, "and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honour you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the pre-

cautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice; for his honour was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might ensure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires. His first had only borne the general device of his rider, representing two knights riding upon one horse, an emblem expressive of the original humility and poverty of the Templars, qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Guilbert's new shield bore a raven in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto, *Gare le Corbeau.*

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight; yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal, than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and

it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backward upon its haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demi-volte, and, retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter—the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station than the clamour of applause was hushed into a silence so deep and so dead that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the centre of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before.

In this second encounter, the Templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had in the beginning of his career directed the point of

his lance toward Bois-Guilbert's shield, but, changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and, stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist; "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with spear, with axe, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier words would have been ex-

changed, but the marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it, "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers, and desired a herald to announce to them that he should make no election, but was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armour, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave, Adsum.* Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both knights broke their lances fairly, but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter with Sir Philip Malvoisin he was equally successful; striking that baron so forcibly on the casque that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth combat with De Grantmesnil the Dis-

inherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim, and the stranger declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and his mouth, and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the Prince and marshals, announcing that day's honours to the Disinherited Knight.

V.

THE DISINHERITED KNIGHT.

(As the Disinherited Knight came forward to receive the war horse, which was to be the reward of his valor, Prince John trembled with fear lest the unknown might be his brother Richard returned to claim his own, and upset the Prince's plans to usurp the throne. He was not half satisfied when one of his followers pointed out that the strange knight was at least three inches shorter than Richard, and smaller in every way.

"The horse was led into the lists by two grooms richly dressed, the animal itself fully accoutred with the richest war furniture; which, however, scarcely added to the value of the noble creature in the eyes of those who were judges. Laying one hand upon the pommel of the saddle, the Disinherited Knight vaulted at once upon the back of the steed without making use of the stirrup, and brandishing aloft his lance, rode twice round the lists, exhibiting the points and paces of the horse with the skill of a perfect horseman."

In the meantime, the Prior of Jorvaulx had reminded the Prince that the victor must now display his good judgment, instead of his valor, by selecting from among the beauties who graced the galleries a lady who should fill the throne of the Queen of Beauty and of Love, and deliver the prize of the tourney upon the ensuing day.

"Sir Disinherited Knight," said Prince John, "since that is the only title by which we can address you, it is now your duty as well as privilege, to name the fair lady, who, as Queen of Honour and of Love, is to preside over next day's festival."

The Prince could not help dropping a hint that Alicia, daughter of one of his followers, was held the first beauty at his court.

"Nevertheless," he concluded, "it is your undoubted prerogative to confer on whom you please this crown, by the delivery of which to the lady of your choice, the election of tomorrow's Queen will be formal and complete.—Raise your lance."

"The Knight obeyed; and Prince John placed upon its point a coronet of green satin, having around its edge a circle of gold, the upper edge of which was relieved by arrow points and hearts placed interchangeably, like the strawberry leaves and balls upon a ducal crown."

Slowly the Knight rode round the lists, as if inspecting the fair faces which adorned that splendid circle.)

It was worth while to see the different conduct of the beauties who underwent this examination, during the time it was proceeding. Some blushed; some assumed an air of pride and dignity; some looked straight forward, and essayed to seem utterly unconscious of what was going on; some drew back in alarm, which was perhaps affected; some endeavoured to forbear smiling; and there were two or three who laughed outright. There were also some who dropped their veils over their charms; but as

the Wardour manuscript says these were fair ones of ten years' standing, it may be supposed that, having had their full share of such vanities, they were willing to withdraw their claim in order to give a fair chance to the rising beauties of the age.

At length the champion paused beneath the balcony in which the Lady Rowena was placed, and the expectation of the spectators was excited to the utmost. . . . .

Whether from indecision or some other motive of hesitation, the champion of the day remained stationary for more than a minute, while the eyes of the silent audience were riveted upon his motions; and then, gradually and gracefully sinking the point of his lance, he deposited the coronet which it supported at the feet of the fair Rowena. The trumpets instantly sounded, while the heralds proclaimed the Lady Rowena the Queen of Beauty and of Love for the ensuing day, menacing with suitable penalties those who should be disobedient to her authority. They then repeated their cry of "Largesse," to which Cedric, in the height of his joy, replied by an ample donative. . . .

There was some murmuring among the damsels of Norman descent, who were as much unused to see the preference given to a Saxon beauty as the Norman nobles were to sustain defeat in the games of chivalry which they themselves had introduced. But these sounds of disaffection were drowned by the popular shout of "Long live the Lady Rowena, the chosen and lawful Queen of Love and of Beauty!" To which many in the lower area added, "Long live

the Saxon Princess! long live the race of the immortal Alfred!"

* * * * * * *

(Isaac of York had recognized in the Disinherited Knight his friend of the day before, and wrung his hands at every clash which the good armor and the gallant steed sustained. Rebecca maintained that a knight who was so reckless of his own person surely had a right to expose his steed and armor in the same way.

No sooner had the Knight retired to his pavilion than numberless squires and pages crowded forward to assist him in disarming and to offer him refreshment; but he would have no squire but Gurth, the swineherd of Rotherwood, who was concealed in a long Norman cloak. with a hood which covered his features.

Scarcely had our Knight finished a hasty meal When Gurth announced that five men, each leading a barbed steed, wished to speak with his master. These were the forfeited horses and armor of the five knights he had overthrown, which he might retain or return for ransom. In the case of four of them he accepted an offered ransom of one hundred zecchins; but from Bois-Guilbert he would accept neither ransom nor armor, as there was deadly feud between them, which they must fight out on some future occasion.

Of the four hundred zecchins given by the four other knights, he gave half to the squires, heralds, and attendants, while the remaining half he sent by Gurth to satisfy Isaac of York for his guarantee.

Isaac priced the armor at eighty zecchins, which Gurth paid; but as the messenger was departing, Rebecca drew him into a side room and gave him a bag containing a hundred, saying that her father returned the eighty, and added twenty for Gurth himself.

On his way home Gurth fell in with a party of outlaws, who, strangely enough when they knew who he was and from whom he came, sent him on his way with all his money.)

* * * * * * *

(On the second day, all the knights were to participate in a general melèe. They were divided into two parties, one headed of course by the Disinherited Knight, and the other by Bois-Guilbert, who was reckoned to have come off second best in the contest of the day before.

As the time arrived the spectators once more crowded the galleries, the knights were evenly divided, just fifty on a side, and the laws of the tournament were proclaimed.)

The marshals then withdrew from the lists, and William de Wyvil, with a voice of thunder, pronounced the signal words, *"Laissez aller!"* The trumpets sounded as he spoke; the spears of the champions were at once lowered and placed in the rests; the spurs were dashed into the flanks of the horses; and the two foremost ranks of either party rushed upon each other in full gallop, and met in the middle of the lists with a shock the sound of which was heard at a mile's distance. The rear rank of each party advanced at a slow pace to sus-

tain the defeated, and follow up the success of the victors, of their party.

The champions thus encountering each other with the utmost fury, and with alternate success, the tide of battle seemed to flow now toward the southern, now toward the northern, extremity of the lists, as the one or the other party prevailed. Meantime the clang of the blows and the shouts of the combatants mixed fearfully with the sound of the trumpets, and drowned the groans of those who fell, and lay rolling defenceless beneath the feet of the horses. The splendid armor of the combatants was now defaced with dust and blood, and gave way at every stroke of the sword and battle-ax. The gay plumage, shorn from the crests, drifted upon the breeze like snowflakes. All that was beautiful and graceful in the martial array had disappeared, and what was now visible was only calculated to awake terror or compassion.

Amid the varied fortunes of the combat, the eyes of all endeavoured to discover the leaders of each band, who, mingling in the thick of the fight, encouraged their companions both by voice and example. Both displayed great feats of gallantry, nor did either Bois-Guilbert or the Disinherited Knight find in the ranks opposed to them a champion who could be termed their unquestioned match. They repeatedly endeavoured to single out each other, spurred by mutual animosity, and aware that the fall of either leader might be considered as decisive of victory. Such, however, was the crowd and confusion that, during the earlier part of the conflict, their efforts

to meet were unavailing, and they were repeatedly separated by the eagerness of their followers, each of whom was anxious to win honour by measuring his strength against the leader of the opposite party.

But when the field became thin by the numbers on either side who had yielded themselves vanquished, had been compelled to the extremity of the lists, or been otherwise rendered incapable of continuing the strife, the Templar and the Disinherited Knight at length encountered, hand to hand, with all the fury that mortal animosity, joined to rivalry of honour, could inspire. Such was the address of each in parrying and striking, that the spectators broke forth into a unanimous and involuntary shout, expressive of their delight and admiration.

But at this moment the party of the Disinherited Knight had the worst; the gigantic arm of Front-de-Bœuf on the one flank, and the ponderous strength of Athelstane on the other, bearing down and dispersing those immediately exposed to them. Finding themselves freed from their immediate antagonists, it seemed to have occurred to both these knights at the same instant that they would render the most decisive advantage to their party by aiding the Templar in his contest with his rival. Turning their horses, therefore, at the same moment, the Norman spurred against the Disinherited Knight on the one side and the Saxon on the other. It was utterly impossible that the object of this unequal and unexpected assault could have sustained it, had he not been warned by a general cry from

the spectators, who could not but take interest in one exposed to such disadvantage.

"Beware! beware! Sir Disinherited!" was shouted so universally that the knight became aware of his danger; and striking a full blow at the Templar, he reined back his steed in the same moment, so as to escape the charge of Athelstane and Front-de-Bœuf. These knights, therefore, their aim being thus eluded, rushed from opposite sides betwixt the object of their attack and the Templar, almost running their horses against each other ere they could stop their career. Recovering their horses, however, and wheeling them round, the whole three pursued their united purpose of bearing to the earth the Disinherited Knight.

Nothing could have saved him except the remarkable strength and activity of the noble horse which he had won on the preceding day.

This stood him in the more stead, as the horse of Bois-Guilbert was wounded, and those of Front-de-Bœuf and Athelstane were both tired with the weight of their gigantic masters, clad in complete armor, and with the preceding exertions of the day. The masterly horsemanship of the Disinherited Knight, and the activity of the noble animal which he mounted, enabled him for a few minutes to keep at sword's point his three antagonists, turning and wheeling with the agility of a hawk upon the wing, keeping his enemies as far separate as he could, and rushing now against the one, now against the other, dealing sweeping blows with his sword, without

waiting to receive those which were aimed at him in return.

But although the lists rang with the applause of his dexterity, it was evident that he must at last be overpowered; and the nobles around Prince John implored him with one voice to throw down his warder, and to save so brave a knight from the disgrace of being overcome by odds.

"Not I, by the light of Heaven!" answered Prince John; "this same springal, who conceals his name and despises our proffered hospitality, hath already gained one prize, and may now afford to let others have their turn." As he spoke thus, an unexpected incident changed the fortune of the day.

There was among the ranks of the Disinherited Knight a champion in black armor, mounted on a black horse, large of size, tall, and to all appearance powerful and strong, like the rider by whom he was mounted. This knight, who bore on his shield no device of any kind, had hitherto evinced very little interest in the event of the fight, beating off with seeming ease those combatants who attacked him, but neither pursuing his advantages, nor himself assailing any one. In short, he had hitherto acted the part rather of a spectator than of a party in the tournament, a circumstance which procured him among the spectators the name of *Le Noir Faineant,* or the Black Sluggard.

At once this knight seemed to throw aside his apathy, when he discovered the leader of his party so hard bested; for, setting spurs to his horse, which was quite fresh, he came to his assistance like a

thunderbolt, exclaiming, in a voice like a trumpet-call, *"Desdichado,* to the rescue!" It was high time; for, while the Disinherited Knight was pressing upon the Templar, Front-de-Bœuf had got nigh to him with his uplifted sword; but ere the blow could descend, the Sable Knight dealt a stroke on his head, which, glancing from the polished helmet, lighted with violence scarcely abated on the chamfron of the steed, and Front-de-Bœuf rolled on the ground, both horse and man equally stunned by the fury of the blow. *Le Noir Faineant* then turned his horse upon Athelstane of Coningsburgh; and his own sword having been broken in his encounter with Front-de-Bœuf, he wrenched from the hand of the bulky Saxon the battle-ax which he wielded, and, like one familiar with the use of the weapon, bestowed him such a blow upon the crest that Athelstane also lay senseless on the field. Having achieved this double feat, for which he was the more highly applauded that it was totally unexpected from him, the knight seemed to resume the sluggishness of his character, returning calmly to the northern extremity of the lists, leaving his leader to cope as he best could with Brian de Bois-Guilbert. This was no longer matter of so much difficulty as formerly. The Templar's horse had bled much, and gave way under the shock of the Disinherited Knight's charge. Brian de Bois-Guilbert rolled on the field, encumbered with the stirrup, from which he was unable to draw his foot. His antagonist sprung from horseback, waved his fatal sword over the head of his adversary, and commanded him to yield himself; when Prince John,

more moved by the Templar's dangerous situation than he had been by that of his rival, saved him the mortification of confessing himself vanquished by casting down his warder and putting an end to the conflict.

* * * * * * *

(Prince John awarded the prize of the day to the Black Knight, in spite of the protest of his followers, alleging that the Disinherited Knight would certainly have gone down had it not been for the effective assistance rendered by the Black Knight. But when that gallant knight was called for to receive his award he was nowhere to be found, and the prize was perforce once more assigned to the Disinherited Knight.)

He was led forward and made to kneel at the foot of the throne of the Queen of Love and Beauty. Rowena descended and was about to place the chaplet on his helmet, when the marshals exclaimed with one voice, "It must not be thus—his head must be bare." The knight muttered faintly a few words, which were lost in the hollow of his helmet, but their purport seemed to be that his casque might not be removed. But the marshals paid no attention to his expression of reluctance and unhelmed him by cutting the laces of his casque and undoing the fastenings of his gorget. When the helmet was removed, the well-formed, yet sun-burnt features of a young man of twenty-five were seen, amid a profusion of short fair hair.

Rowena uttered a shriek, but nerved herself to perform her office, placing upon the drooping head

of the victor the splendid chaplet, with these words: 'I bestow on thee this chaplet, Sir Knight, as the meed of valour assigned to this day's victor.' Then she added, 'And upon brows more worthy could a wreath of chivalry never be placed.'

The knight bowed his head, and kissed the hand of the lovely sovereign by whom his valor had been rewarded; and then, sinking yet farther forward, lay prostrate at her feet.

There was general consternation, for the strange knight had been recognized as Ivanhoe, the disinherited son of Cedric; and it was seen that he was dangerously wounded. Rather tardily Cedric gave directions that he should be cared for by his own physician; but already he had been removed by Rebecca to her father's house, where she herself was nursing him.)

VI.

THE HOLY CLERK OF COPMANHURST.

(Space permits us to give but a hasty summary of the concluding scenes of this romantic story. John of Anjou hears that "the devil is unchained," by which he understands that Richard is in England. The sports are hastily concluded, therefore, with a trial of archery, in which one Locksley [who afterwards turns out to be the outlaw Robin Hood] splits a willow wand no bigger than a man's thumb at a distance of a hundred yards.

In the meantime a plot has been hatched up

among some of John's followers to capture and forcibly marry Rowena. As Cedric and his party are travelling homeward, they fall in, also, with Isaac of York and his daughter, who are escorting a litter in which is concealed a "sick friend"—no other than Ivanhoe—and the whole band travel on together until the Norman nobles, in the guise of outlaws, fall upon them and make prisoners of them all, only Gurth and Wamba escaping. The prisoners are placed in the castle of Front-de-Bœuf; but trouble is brewing for their captors, since Wamba and Gurth have fallen in with Locksley, who promises with his band to attack the castle.

The Black Knight, while this has been going on, has been journeying through lonely forest glades, until at night he comes to a solitary hermit's cell. The Clerk of Copmanhurst, as he calls himself [in whom will be recognized Friar Tuck, the confessor of Robin Hood's band of outlaws] at first gives the knight a cheerless welcome, setting before him only dried peas and water.)

The hermit, after a long grace, which had once been Latin, but of which original language few traces remained, excepting here and there the long rolling termination of some word or phrase, set example to his guest by modestly putting into a very large mouth, furnished with teeth which might have ranked with those of a boar both in sharpness and whiteness, some three or four dried pease, a miserable grist, as it seemed, for so large and able a mill.

The knight, in order to follow so laudable an

example, laid aside his helmet, his corselet, and the greater part of his armour, and showed to the hermit a head thick-curled with yellow hair, high features, blue eyes, remarkably bright and sparkling, a mouth well formed, having an upper lip clothed with mustachioes darker than his hair, and bearing altogether the look of a bold, daring, and enterprising man, with which his strong form well corresponded.

The hermit, as if wishing to answer to the confidence of his guest, threw back his cowl, and showed a round bullet-head belonging to a man in the prime of life. His close-shaven crown, surrounded by a circle of stiff curled black hair, had something the appearance of a parish pinfold begirt by its high hedge. The features expressed nothing of monastic austerity or of ascetic privations; on the contrary, it was a bold bluff countenance, with broad black eyebrows, a well-turned forehead, and cheeks as round and vermillion as those of a trumpeter, from which descended a long and curly black beard. Such a visage, joined to the brawny form of the holy man, spoke rather of sirloins and haunches than of pease and pulse. This incongruity did not escape the guest. After he had with great difficulty accomplished the mastication of a mouthful of the dried pease, he found it absolutely necessary to request his pious entertainer to furnish him with some liquor; who replied to his request by placing before him a large can of the purest water from the fountain.

"It is from the well of St. Dunstan," said he, "in

which, betwixt sun and sun, he baptized five hundred heathen Danes and Britons—blessed be his name!" And applying his black beard to the pitcher, he took a draught much more moderate in quantity than his encomium seemed to warrant.

"It seems to me, reverend father," said the knight, "that the small morsels which you eat, together with this holy but somewhat thin beverage, have thriven with you marvellously. You appear a man more fit to win the ram at a wrestling-match, or the ring at a bout at quarter-staff, or the bucklers at a sword-play, than to linger out your time in this desolate wilderness, saying masses, and living upon parched pease and cold water."

"Sir Knight," answered the hermit, "your thoughts, like those of the ignorant laity, are according to the flesh. It has pleased Our Lady and my patron saint to bless the pittance to which I restrain myself, even as the pulse and water was blessed to the children Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, who drank the same rather than defile themselves with the wine and meats which were appointed them by the King of the Saracens."

"Holy father," said the knight, "upon whose countenance it hath pleased Heaven to work such a miracle, permit a sinful layman to crave thy name?"

"Thou mayst call me," answered the hermit, "the Clerk of Copmanhurst, for so I am termed in these parts. They add, it is true, the epithet holy, but I stand not upon that, as being unworthy of such addition. And now, valiant knight, may I pray ye for the name of my honourable guest?"

"Truly," said the knight, "Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, men call me in these parts the Black Knight; many, sir, add to it the epithet of Sluggard, whereby I am no way ambitious to be distinguished."

The hermit could scarcely forbear from smiling at his guest's reply.

"I see," said he, "Sir Sluggish Knight, that thou art a man of prudence and of counsel; and, moreover, I see that my poor monastic fare likes thee not, accustomed, perhaps, as thou hast been to the license of courts and of camps, and the luxuries of cities; and now I bethink me, Sir Sluggard, that when the charitable keeper of this forest-walk left these dogs for my protection, and also those bundles of forage, he left me also some food, which, being unfit for my use, the very recollection of it had escaped me amid my more weighty meditations."

"I dare be sworn he did so," said the knight; "I was convinced that there was better food in the cell, Holy Clerk, since you first doffed your cowl. Your keeper is ever a jovial fellow; and none who beheld thy grinders contending with these pease, and thy throat flooded with this ungenial element, could see thee doomed to such horse-provender and horse-beverage (pointing to the provisions upon the table), and refrain from mending thy cheer. Let us see the keeper's bounty, therefore, without delay."

The hermit cast a wistful look upon the knight, in which there was a sort of comic expression of hesitation, as if uncertain how far he should act

prudently in trusting his guest. There was, however, as much of bold frankness in the knight's countenance as was possible to be expressed by features. His smile, too, had something in it irresistibly comic, and gave an assurance of faith and loyalty, with which his host could not refrain from sympathizing.

After exchanging a mute glance or two, the hermit went to the further side of the hut, and opened a hutch, which was concealed with great care and some ingenuity. Out of the recesses of a dark closet, into which this aperture gave admittance, he brought a large pasty, baked in a pewter platter of unusual dimensions. This mighty dish he placed before his guest, who, using his poniard to cut it open, lost no time in making himself acquainted with its contents.

"How long is it since the good keeper has been here?" said the knight to his host, after having swallowed several hasty morsels of this reinforcement to the hermit's good cheer.

"About two months," answered the father, hastily.

"By the true Lord," answered the knight, "everything in your hermitage is miraculous, Holy Clerk! for I would have been sworn that the fat buck which furnished this venison had been running on foot within the week."

The hermit was somewhat discountenanced by this observation; and, moreover, he made but a poor figure while gazing on the diminution of the pasty on which his guest was making desperate in-

roads—a warfare in which his previous profession of abstinence left him no pretext for joining.

"I have been in Palestine, Sir Clerk," said the knight, stopping short of a sudden, "and I bethink me it is a custom there that every host who entertains a guest shall assure him of the wholesomeness of his food by partaking of it along with him. Far be it from me to suspect so holy a man of aught inhospitable; nevertheless, I will be highly bound to you would you comply with this Eastern custom."

"To ease your unnecessary scruples, Sir Knight, I will for once depart from my rule," replied the hermit. And as there were no forks in those days, his clutches were instantly in the bowels of the pasty.

The ice of ceremony being once broken, it seemed matter of rivalry between the guest and the entertainer which should display the best appetite; and although the former had probably fasted longer, yet the hermit fairly surpassed him.

"Holy Clerk," said the knight, when his hunger was appeased, "I would gage my good horse yonder against a zecchin, that that same honest keeper to whom we are obliged for the venison has left thee a stoup of wine, or a runlet of canary, or some such trifle, by way of ally to this noble pasty. This would be a circumstance, doubtless, totally unworthy to dwell in the memory of so rigid an anchorite; yet, I think, were you to search yonder crypt once more, you would find that I am right in my conjecture."

The hermit only replied by a grin; and returning to the hutch, he produced a leathern bottle, which might contain about four quarts. He also brought forth two large drinking cups, made out of the horn of the *urus,* and hooped with silver. Having made this goodly provision for washing down the supper, he seemed to think no farther ceremonious scruple necessary on his part; but filling both cups, and saying, in the Saxon fashion, "*Waes hael,* Sir Sluggish Knight!" he emptied his own at a draught.

"*Drinc hael,* Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst!" answered the warrior, and did his host reason in a similar brimmer.

"Holy Clerk," said the stranger, after the first cup was thus swallowed, "I cannot but marvel that a man possessed of such thews and sinews as thine, and who therewithal shows the talent of so goodly a trencherman, should think of abiding by himself in this wilderness. In my judgment, you are fitter to keep a castle or a fort, eating of the fat and drinking of the strong, than to live here upon pulse and water, or even upon the charity of the keeper. At least, were I as thou, I should find myself both disport and plenty out of the king's deer. There is many a goodly herd in these forests, and a buck will never be missed that goes to the use of St. Dunstan's chaplain."

"Sir Sluggish Knight," replied the Clerk, "these are dangerous words, and I pray you to forbear them. I am true hermit to the king and law, and were I to spoil my liege's game, I should be sure

of the prison, and, an my gown saved me not, were in some peril of hanging."

"Nevertheless, were I as thou," said the knight, "I would take my walk by moonlight, when foresters and keepers were warm in bed, and ever and anon—as I pattered my prayers—I would let fly a shaft among the herds of dun deer that feed in the glades. Resolve me, Holy Clerk, hast thou never practiced such a pastime?"

"Friend Sluggard," answered the hermit, "thou hast seen all that can concern thee of my housekeeping, and something more than he deserves who takes up his quarters by violence. Credit me, it is better to enjoy the good which God sends thee, than to be impertinently curious how it comes. Fill thy cup, and welcome; and do not, I pray thee, by further impertinent inquiries, put me to show that thou couldst hardly have made good thy lodging had I been earnest to oppose thee."

"By my faith," said the knight, "thou makest me more curious than ever! Thou art the most mysterious hermit I ever met; and I will know more of thee ere we part. As for thy threats, know, holy man, thou speakest to one whose trade it is to find out danger wherever it is to be met with."

"Sir Sluggish Knight, I drink to thee," said the hermit, "respecting thy valour much, but deeming wondrous slightly of thy discretion. If thou wilt take equal arms with me, I will give thee, in all friendship and brotherly love, such sufficing penance and complete absolution that thou shalt not

for the next twelve months sin the sin of excess of curiosity."

The knight pledged him, and desired him to name his weapons.

"There is none," replied the hermit, "from the scissors of Delilah and the tenpenny nail of Jael to the scimitar of Goliath, at which I am not a match for thee. But, if I am to make the election, what sayest thou, good friend, to these trinkets?"

Thus speaking, he opened another hutch, and took out from it a couple of broadswords and bucklers, such as were used by the yeomanry of the period. The knight, who watched his motions, observed that this second place of concealment was furnished with two or three good long-bows, a cross-bow, a bundle of bolts for the latter, and half a dozen sheaves of arrows for the former. A harp, and other matters of a very uncanonical appearance, were also visible when this dark recess was opened.

"I promise thee, brother Clerk," said he, "I will ask thee no more offensive questions. The contents of that cupboard are an answer to all my inquiries; and I see a weapon there (here he stooped and took out the harp) on which I would more gladly prove my skill with thee than at the sword and buckler."

"I hope, Sir Knight," said the hermit, "thou hast given no good reason for thy surname of the Sluggard. I do promise thee, I suspect thee grievously. Nevertheless, thou art my guest, and I will not put thy manhood to the proof without thine own free will. Sit thee down, then, and fill thy cup; let us drink, sing, and be merry. If thou knowest ever

a good lay, thou shalt be welcome to a nook of pasty at Copmanhurst so long as I serve the chapel of St. Dunstan, which, please God, shall be till I change my gray covering for one of green turf. But come, fill a flagon, for it will crave some time to tune the harp; and naught pitches the voice and sharpens the ear like a cup of wine. For my part, I love to feel the grape at my very finger-ends before they make the harp-strings tinkle."

VII.

THE STORMING OF THE CASTLE.

(Their midnight revels are broken in upon by Locksley, who tells them of the adventure in hand. The Black Knight volunteers his services, which are accepted, and we soon find two hundred of Locksley's archers, as well as a host of Cedric's retainers and friends, who have heard of his capture, all gathered to storm the castle of Front-de-Bœuf.

And now heroic deeds begin. First let us see what has been taking place within the castle.

Bois-Guilbert, as reward for helping his friend de Bracy capture the fair Saxon Rowena, claims the beautiful Jewess Rebecca, and goes to woo her. But he finds her as courageous as she is beautiful.)

"Stand back," said Rebecca, "stand back, and hear me ere thou offerest to commit a sin so deadly! My strength thou mayst indeed overpower, for God made women weak, and trusted their defense to man's generosity. But I will proclaim thy villainy,

Templar, from one end of Europe to the other. I will owe to the superstition of thy brethren what their compassion might refuse me. Each preceptory —each chapter of thy order, shall learn that, like a heretic, thou hast sinned with a Jewess. Those who tremble not at thy crime will hold thee accursed for having so far dishonoured the cross thou wearest as to follow a daughter of my people."

"Thou art keen-witted, Jewess," replied the Templar, well aware of the truth of what she spoke, and that the rules of his order condemned in the most positive manner, and under high penalties, such intrigues as he now prosecuted, and that in some instances even degradation had followed upon it— "thou art sharp-witted," he said; "but loud must be thy voice of complaint if it is heard beyond the iron wall of this castle; within these, murmurs, laments, appeals to justice, and screams for help die alike silent away. One thing only can save thee, Rebecca. Submit to thy fate, embrace our religion, and thou shalt go forth in such state that many a Norman lady shall yield as well in pomp as in beauty to the favourite of the best lance among the defenders of the Temple."

"Submit to my fate!" said Rebecca; "and, sacred Heaven! to what fate? Embrace thy religion! and what religion can it be that harbours such a villain? *Thou* the best lance of the Templars! Craven knight!—forsworn priest! I spit at thee and I defy thee. The God of Abraham's promise hath opened an escape to his daughter—even from this abyss of infamy!"

As she spoke, she threw open the latticed window which led to the bartizan, and in an instant after stood on the very edge of the parapet, with not the slightest screen between her and the tremendous depth below. Unprepared for such a desperate effort, for she had hitherto stood perfectly motionless, Bois-Guilbert had neither time to intercept nor to stop her. As he offered to advance, she exclaimed, "Remain where thou art, proud Templar, or at thy choice advance!—one foot nearer, and I plunge myself from the precipice; my body shall be crushed out of the very form of humanity upon the stones of that courtyard ere it become the victim of thy brutality!"

(The haughty Templar is vanquished for the time being, and withdraws, while Rebecca, in the excitement incident to the attack on the castle, is permitted to care for the wounded Ivanhoe.

In the meantime the outlaws have demanded the surrender of the castle, and the inmates have sent back word that all the prisoners will be hanged before noon, and their friends without had best send a priest to confess them. Such a priest they decide to send, to spy out the condition within. For this service Wamba, the jester, volunteers. Once within the castle walls, he nobly compels his master Cedric to exchange garments with him and escape.

And now the battle is on. The Black Knight heads the attacking party, and soon the outer works are taken. Within, Rebecca stands at Ivanhoe's window, protected by an ancient buckler she has taken

from the wall, and tells him, now restless with excitement, how the battle progresses.)

Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go! If I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-ax to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance! It is in vain—it is in vain—I am alike nerveless and weaponless!"

"Fret not thyself, noble knight," answered Rebecca, "the sounds have ceased of a sudden; it may be they join not battle."

"Thou knowest nought of it," said Wilfred, impatiently; "this dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the distant muttering of the storm: it will burst anon in all its fury. Could I but reach yonder window!"

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight," replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she firmly added, "I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without."

"You must not—you shall not!" exclaimed Ivanhoe. "Each lattice, each aperture, will soon be a mark for the archers; some random shaft——"

"It shall be welcome!" murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps, which led to the window of which they spoke.

"Rebecca—dear Rebecca!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "this is no maiden's pastime; do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me forever miserable for having given the occasion; at least, cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be."

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed, the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favourable for this purpose, because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the meditated assault. It was an exterior fortification of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern-gate, through which Cedric had recently been dismissed by Front-de-Bœuf. The castle moat divided this species of barbican from the rest of the fortress, so that, in case of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building, by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sally-port corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defence of this post, that the besieged

entertained apprehensions for its safety; and from the mustering of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no less plain that it had been selected as a vulnerable point of attack.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the woods seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed! Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armour, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield."

"A fetterlock and shackle-bolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclamed the anxious inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca; "but doubtless the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even now preparing to advance—God of Zion protect us! What a dreadful sight! Those who advance first bear huge shields and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on. They raise their bows! God of Moses, forgive the creatures Thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the nakers (a species of kettle-drum), retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "St. George for merry England!" and the Normans answering them with loud crys of *"En avant De Bracy! Beau-seant! Beau-seant! Front-de-Boeuf a la rescousse!"* according to the war-cries of their different commanders.

It was not, however, by clamour that the contest was to be decided, and the desperate efforts of the assailants were met by an equally vigorous defence on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the long-bow, shot, to use the appropriate phrase of the time, so "wholly together," that no point at which a defender could show the least part

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of his person escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this heavy discharge, which continued as thick and sharp as hail, while, notwithstanding, every arrow had its individual aim and flew by scores together against each embrasure and opening in the parapets. as well as at every window where a defender either occasionally had post, or might be suspected to be stationed—by this sustained discharge, two or three of the garrison were slain and several others wounded. But, confident in their armour of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front-de-Bœuf and his allies showed an obstinacy in defence proportioned to the fury of the attack, and replied with the discharge of their large cross-bows, as well as with their long-bows, slings, and other missile weapons, to the close and continued shower of arrows; and, as the assailments were necessarily but indifferently protected, did considerably more damage than they received at their hand. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles on both sides was only interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath. Look out once more, and tell me if they advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion,

Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not!—he blenches not!" said Rebecca, "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back! Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of

two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again, there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!—he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe, "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness: "But no—but no! the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf," answered the Jewess. "His men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar; their united force compels the champion

to pause. They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca; 'and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other; down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast Thou given men Thine own image that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie groveling under them like crushed reptiles. The besieged have the better."

"St. George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; "do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly. The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe; the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle. Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion: he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!"

"By St. John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising him-

self joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca—"it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won. O God! they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat. O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca; "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed; few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," answered Rebecca; "our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered, and it affords them so good a shelter from the foeman's shot that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them."

"Our friends," said Wilfred, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained. Oh, no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe hath rent heart-of-oak and bars of iron. Singular," he again muttered to him-

elf, "if there be two who can do a deed of such derring-do! A fetterlock, and a shackle-bolt on a field sable—what may that mean? Seest thou nought else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"

"Nothing," said the Jewess; "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further; but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength—there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilzie him of the sin of bloodshed! It is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, "thou hast painted a hero; surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat. Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, no yielding up a gallant emprize, since the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honour of my house—I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas!" said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, "this impatient yearning after action—this

struggling with and repining at your present weakness will not fail to injure your returning health. How couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others, ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?"

"Rebecca," he replied, "thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry to remain passive as a priest, or a woman, when they are acting deeds of honour around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live—the dust of the *mêlée* is the breath of our nostrils! We live not—we wish not to live—longer than while we are victorious and renowned. Such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear."

"Alas!" said the fair Jewess, "and what is it, valiant knight, save an offering of sacrifice to a demon of vain glory, and a passing through the fire to Moloch? What remains to you as the prize of all the blood you have spilled, of all the travail and pain you have endured, of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong man's spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse?"

"What remains?" cried Ivanhoe. "Glory, maiden—glory! which gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name."

"Glory!" continued Rebecca; "alas! is the rusted mail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion's dim and mouldering tomb, is the defaced sculpture of the inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the inquiring pilgrim—are these sufficient rewards for the sacrifice of every kindly

affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable? Or is there such virtue in the rude rhymes of a wandering bard, that domestic love, kindly affection, peace and happiness, are so wildly bartered, to become the hero of those ballads which vagabond minstrels sing to drunken churls over their evening ale?"

"By the soul of Hereward!" replied the knight, impatiently, "thou speakest, maiden, of thou knowest not what. Thou wouldst quench the pure light of chivalry, which alone distinguishes the noble from the base, the gentle knight from the churl and the savage; which rates our life far, far beneath the pitch of our honour, raises us victorious over pain, toil, and suffering, and teaches us to fear no evil but disgrace. Thou art no Christian, Rebecca; and to thee are unknown those high feelings which swell the bosom of a noble maiden when her lover hath done some deed of emprize which sanctions his flame. Chivalry! Why, maiden, she is the nurse of pure and high affection, the stay of the oppressed, the redresser of grievances, the curb of the power of the tyrant. Nobility were but an empty name without her, and liberty finds the best protection in her lance and her sword."

"I am, indeed," said Rebecca, "sprung from a race whose courage was distinguished in the defence of their own land, but who warred not, even while yet a nation, save at the command of the Deity, or in defending their country from oppression. The sound of the trumpet wakes Judah no longer, and her despised children are now but the unresisting victims

of hostile and military oppression. Well hast thou spoken, Sir Knight: until the God of Jacob shall raise up for His chosen people a second Gideon, or a new Maccabeus, it ill beseemeth the Jewish damsel to speak of battle or of war."

The high-minded maiden concluded the argument in a tone of sorrow, which deeply expressed her sense of the degradation of her people, embittered perhaps by the idea that Ivanhoe considered her as one not entitled to interfere in a case of honour, and incapable of entertaining or expressing sentiments of honour and generosity.

"How little he knows this bosom," she said, "to imagine that cowardice or meanness of soul must needs be its guests, because I have censured the fantastic chivalry of the Nazarenes! Would to Heaven that the shedding of mine own blood, drop by drop, could redeem the captivity of Judah! Nay, would to God it could avail to set free my father, and this his benefactor, from the chains of the oppressor! The proud Christian should then see whether the daughter of God's chosen people dared not to die as bravely as the vainest Nazarene maiden that boasts her descent from some petty chieftain of the rude and frozen north!"

She then looked towards the couch of the wounded knight.

"He sleeps," she said; "nature exhausted by sufferance and the waste of spirits, his wearied frame embraces the first moment of temporary relaxation to sink into slumber. Alas! is it a crime that I should look upon him, when it may be for the last time?

When yet but a short space, and those fair features will be no longer animated by the bold and buoyant spirit which forsakes them not even in sleep! When the nostrils shall be distended, the mouth agape, the eyes fixed and bloodshot; and when the proud and noble knight may be trodden on by the lowest caitiff of this accursed castle, yet stir not when the heel is lifted up against him! And my father!—oh, my father! evil is it with his daughter, when his grey hairs are not remembered because of the golden locks of youth! What know I but that these evils are the messengers of Jehovah's wrath to the unnatural child who thinks of a stranger's captivity before a parent's? who forgets the desolation of Judah, and looks upon the comeliness of a Gentile and a stranger? But I will tear this folly from my heart, though every fibre bleed as I rend it away!"

She wrapped herself closely in her veil, and sat down at a distance from the couch of the wounded knight, with her back turned towards it, fortifying or endeavoring to fortify, her mind not only against the impending evils from without, but also against those treacherous feelings which assailed her from within. . . . .

VIII.

THE DEATH OF REGINALD FRONT-DE-BŒUF.

(Nothing is more dramatic than the death of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, lord of the castle. He has been wounded and lies on his bed alone while the battle rages without.)

"Where be these dog-priests now," growled the baron, "who set such price on their ghostly mummery?—where be all those unshod Carmelites, for whom old Front-de-Bœuf founded the convent of St. Anne, robbing his heir of many a fair rood of meadow, and many a fat field and close—where be the greedy hounds now? Swilling, I warrant me, at the ale, or playing their juggling tricks at the bedside of some miserly churl. Me, the heir of their founder—me whom their foundation binds them to pray for—me—ungrateful villains as they are!—they suffer to die like the houseless dog on yonder common, unshriven and unhouseled! Tell the Templar to come hither; he is a priest, and may do something. But no! as well confess myself to the devil as to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who recks neither of Heaven nor of Hell. I have heard old men talk of prayer—prayer by their own voice—such need not to court or to bribe the false priest. But I—I dare not!"

"Lives Reginald Front-deBœuf," said a broken and shrill voice close by his bedside, "to say there is that which he dares not?"

The evil conscience and the shaken nerves of Front-de-Bœuf heard, in this strange interruption to his soliloquy, the voice of one of those demons who, as the superstition of the times believed, beset the beds of dying men, to distract their thoughts, and turn them from the meditations which concerned their eternal welfare. He shuddered and drew himself together; but, instantly summoning up his wonted resolution, he exclaimed, "Who is there? what art thou, that darest to echo my words in a tone like that of the night raven? Come before my couch that I may see thee."

"I am thine evil angel, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," replied the voice.

"Let me behold thee then in thy bodily shape, if thou be'st indeed a fiend," replied the dying knight; "think not that I will blench from thee. By the eternal dungeon, could I but grapple with these horrors that hover round me as I have done with mortal dangers, Heaven or Hell should never say that I shrunk from the conflict!"

"Think on thy sins, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," said the almost unearthly voice—"on rebellion, on rapine, on murder! Who stirred up the licentious John to war against his grey-headed father—against his generous brother?"

"Be thou fiend, priest, or devil," replied Front-de-Bœuf, "thou liest in thy throat! Not I stirred John to rebellion—not I alone; there were fifty knights and barons, the flower of the midland counties, better men never laid lance in rest. And must I answer for the fault done by fifty? False fiend, I defy thee!

Depart, and haunt my couch no more. Let me die in peace if thou be mortal; if thou be a demon, thy time is not yet come."

"In peace thou shalt NOT die," repeated the voice; "even in death shalt thou think on thy murders—on the groans which this castle has echoed—on the blood that is engrained in its floors!"

"Thou canst not shake me by thy petty malice," answered Front-de-Bœuf, with a ghastly and constrained laugh. "The infidel Jew—it was merit with Heaven to deal with him as I did, else wherefore are men canonized who dip their hands in the blood of the Saracens? The Saxon porkers whom I have slain—they were the foes of my country, and of my lineage, and of my liege lord. Ho! ho! thou seest there is no crevice in my coat of plate. Art thou fled? art thou silenced?"

"No, foul parricide!" replied the voice; "think of thy father—think of his death!—think of his banquet-room flooded with his gore, and that poured forth by the hand of a son!"

"Ha!" answered the Baron, after a long pause, "and thou knowest that, thou art indeed the Author of Evil, and as omniscient as the monks call thee! That secret I deemed locked in my own breast, and in that of one besides—the temptress, the partaker of my guilt. Go, leave me, fiend! and seek the Saxon witch Ulrica, who alone could tell thee what she and I alone witnessed. Go, I say, to her, who washed the wounds, and straighted the corpse, and gave to the slain man the outward show of one parted in time and in the course of

nature. Go to her; she was my temptress, the foul provoker, the more foul rewarder, of the deed; let her, as well as I, taste of the tortures which anticipate Hell!"

"She already tastes them," said Ulrica, stepping before the couch of Front-de-Bœuf; "she hath long drunken of this cup, and its bitterness is now sweetened to see that thou dost partake it. Grind not thy teeth, Front-de-Bœuf—roll not thine eyes—clench not thy hand, nor shake it at me with that gesture of menace! The hand which, like that of thy renowned ancestor who gained thy name, could have broken with one stroke the skull of a mountain-bull, is now unnerved and powerless as mine own!"

"Vile, murderous hag!" replied Front-de-Bœuf—"detestable screech-owl! it is then thou who art come to exult over the ruins thou hast assisted to lay low?"

"Ay, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," answered she, "it is Ulrica!—it is the daughter of the murdered Torquil Wolfganger!—it is the sister of his slaughtered sons! it is she who demands of thee, and of thy father's house, father and kindred, name and fame—all that she has lost by the name of Front-de-Bœuf! Think of my wrongs, Front-de-Bœuf, and answer me if I speak not truth. Thou hast been my evil angel, and I will be thine: I will dog thee till the very instant of dissolution!"

"Detestable fury!" exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf, "that moment shalt thou never witness. Ho! Giles, Clement, and Eustace! St. Maur and Stephen; seize this

damned witch, and hurl her from the battlements headlong; she has betrayed us to the Saxon! Ho! St. Maul! Clement! false-hearted knaves, where tarry ye?"

"Call on them again, valiant baron," said the hag, with a smile of grisly mockery; "summon thy vassals around thee, doom them that loiter to the scourge and the dungeon. But know, mighty chief," she continued, suddenly changing her tone, "thou shalt have neither answer, nor aid, nor obedience at their hands. Listen to these horrid sounds," for the din of the recommenced assault and defense now rung fearfully loud from the battlements of the castle; "in that war-cry is the downfall of thy house. The blood-cemented fabric of Front-de-Bœuf's power totters to the foundation, and before the foes he most despised! The Saxon, Reginald!—the scorned Saxon assails thy walls! Why liest thou here, like a worn-out hind, when the Saxon storms thy place of strength?"

"Gods and fiends!" exclaimed the wounded knight. "Oh, for one moment's strength, to drag myself to the *mêlée,* and perish as becomes my name!"

"Think not of it, valiant warrior!" replied she; "thou shalt die no soldier's death, but perish like the fox in his den, when the peasants have set fire to the cover around it."

"Hateful hag! thou liest!" exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf; "my followers bear them bravely—my walls are strong and high—my comrades in arms fear not a whole host of Saxons, were they headed by Hengist and Horsa! The war-cry of the Templar and

of the Free Companions rises high over the conflict! And by mine honour, when we kindle the blazing beacon for joy of our defense, it shall consume thee, body and bones; and I shall live to hear thou art gone from earthly fires to those of that Hell which never sent forth an incarnate fiend more utterly diabolical!"

"Hold thy belief," replied Ulrica, "till the proof reach thee. But no!" she said, interrupting herself, "thou shall know even now the doom which all thy power, strength, and courage is unable to avoid, though it is prepared for thee by this feeble hand. Markest thou the smouldering and suffocating vapor which already eddies in sable folds through the chamber? Didst thou think it was but the darkening of thy bursting eyes, the difficulty of thy cumbered breathing? No! Front-de-Bœuf, there is another cause. Rememberest thou the magazine of fuel that is stored beneath these apartments?"

"Woman!" he exclaimed with fury, "thou has not set fire to it? By Heaven, thou hast, and the castle is in flames!"

"They are fast rising at least," said Ulrica, with frightful composure; "and a signal shall soon wave to warn the besiegers to press hard upon those who would extinguish them. Farewell, Front-de-Bœuf! May Mista, Skogula, and Zernebock, gods of the ancient Saxons—fiends, as the priests now call them—supply the place of comforters at your dying bed, which Ulrica now relinquishes! But know, if it will give thee comfort to know it, that Ulrica is bound to the same dark coast with thy-

self, the companion of thy punishment as the companion of thy guilt. And now, parricide, farewell for ever! May each stone of this vaulted roof find a tongue to echo that title into thine ear!"

So saying, she left the apartment; and Front-de-Bœuf could hear the crash of the ponderous key as she locked and double-locked the door behind her, thus cutting off the most slender chance of escape. In the extremity of agony, he shouted upon his servants and allies: "Stephen and St. Maur! Clement and Giles! I burn here unaided! To the rescue—to the rescue, brave Bois-Guilbert, valiant De Bracy! It is Front-de-Bœuf who calls! It is your master, ye traitor squires! Your ally—your brother in arms, ye perjured and faithless knights! All the curses due to traitors upon your recreant heads, do you abandon me to perish thus miserably! They hear me not—they cannot hear me—my voice is lost in the din of battle. The smoke rolls thicker and thicker, the fire has caught upon the floor below. Oh, for one draught of the air of heaven, were it to be purchased by instant annihilation!" And in the mad frenzy of despair, the wretch now shouted with the shouts of the fighters, now muttered curses on himself, on mankind, and on Heaven itself. "The red fire flashes through the thick smoke!" he exclaimed; "the demon marches against me under the banner of his own element. Foul spirit, avoid! I go not with thee without my comrades—all, all are thine that garrison these walls. Thinkest thou Front-de-Bœuf will be singled out to go alone? No; the

infidel Templar, the licentious De Bracy, Ulrica, the foul murdering strumpet, the men who aided my enterprises, the dog Saxons and accursed Jews who are my prisoners—all, all shall attend me—a goodly fellowship as ever took the downward road. Ha, ha, ha!" and he laughed in his frenzy till the vaulted roof rang again. "Who laughed there?" exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf, in altered mood, for the noise of the conflict did not prevent the echoes of his own mad laughter from returning upon his ear—"who laughed there? Ulrica, was it thou? Speak, witch, and I forgive thee; for only thou or the Fiend of Hell himself could have laughed at such a moment. Avaunt—avaunt!"

But it were impious to trace any farther the picture of the blasphemer and parricide's death-bed.

IX.

THE FINAL SCENES.

(At last, when the castle falls, the Black Knight rescues Ivanhoe, but Bois-Guilbert escapes with his prize, Rebecca.)

Those of the castle who had not gotten to horse still continued to fight desperately with the besiegers, after the departure of the Templar, but rather in despair of quarter than that they entertained any hope of escape. The fire was spreading rapidly through all parts of the castle, when Ulrica, who had first kindled it, appeared on a turret, in the guise of one of the ancient furies, yelling forth

a war song, such as was of yore raised on the field of battle by the scalds of the yet heathen Saxons. Her long dishevelled gray hair flew back from her uncovered head; the inebriating delight of gratified vengeance contended in her eyes with the fire of insanity; and she brandished the distaff which she held in her hand, as if she had been one of the Fatal Sisters who spin and abridge the thread of human life. Tradition has preserved some wild strophes of the barbarous hymn which she chanted wildly amid that scene of fire and of slaughter:

Whet the bright steel,
Sons of the White Dragon!
Kindle the torch,
Daughter of Hengist!
The steel glimmers not for the carving of the banquet,
It is hard, broad, and sharply pointed;
The torch goeth not to the bridal chamber,
It steams and glitters blue with sulphur.
Whet the steel, the raven croaks!
Light the torch, Zernebock is yelling!
Whet the steel, sons of the Dragon!
Kindle the torch, daughter of Hengist!

The black cloud is low over the thane's castle;
The eagle screams—he rides on its bosom.
Scream not, gray rider of the sable cloud,
Thy banquet is prepared!
The maidens of Valhalla look forth,

The race of Hengist will send them guests.
Shake your black tresses, maidens of Valhalla!
And strike your loud timbrels for joy!
Many a haughty step bends to your halls,
Many a helmed head.
Dark sits the evening upon the thane's castle,
The black clouds gather round;
Soon shall they be red as the blood of the valiant!
The destroyer of forests shall shake his red crest against them.
He, the bright consumer of palaces,
Broad waves he his blazing banner;
Red, wide and dusky,
Over the strife of the valiant;
His joy is in the clashing swords and broken bucklers;
He loves to lick the hissing blood as it burst warm from the wound!

All must perish!
The sword cleaveth the helmet;
The strong armour is pierced by the lance;
Fire devoureth the dwelling of princes;
Engines break down the fences of the battle.
All must perish!
The race of Hengist is gone—
The name of Horsa is no more!
Shrink not then from your doom, sons of the sword!
Let your blades drink blood like wine;
Feast ye in the banquet of slaughter,
By the light of the blazing halls!

Strong be your swords while your blood is warm,
And spare neither for pity nor fear,
For vengeance hath but an hour;
Strong hate itself shall expire!
I also must perish!

The towering flames had now surmounted every obstruction, and rose to the evening skies one huge and burning beacon, seen far and wide through the adjacent country. Tower after tower crashed down, with blazing roof and rafter; and the combatants were driven from the courtyard. The vanquished, of whom very few remained, scattered and escaped into the neighboring wood. The victors, assembling in large bands, gazed with wonder, not unmixed with fear, upon the flames, in which their own ranks and arms glanced dusky red. The maniac figure of the Saxon Ulrica was for a long time visible on the lofty stand she had chosen, tossing her arms abroad with wild exultation, as if she reigned empress of the conflagration which she had raised. At length, with a terrific crash, the whole turret gave way, and she perished in the flames which had consumed her tyrant. An awful pause of horror silenced each murmur of the armed spectators, who, for the space of several minutes, stirred not a finger, save to sign the cross. The voice of Locksley was then heard: "Shout, yeoman! the den of tyrants is no more! Let each bring his spoil to our chosen place of rendezvous at the trysting-tree in the Harthill Walk; for there at break of day will we make just partition

among our own bands, together with our worthy allies in this great deed of vengeance."

* * * * * * * *

(The Templar conceals Rebecca in the preceptory of Templestowe; but it happens that the Grand Master of the Order of Templars is visiting there, and accidentally hears of her presence. To save the reputation of Bois-Guilbert and the order from scandal, he tries her as a witch and condemns her to death. She, however, demands a champion, and sends word to Ivanhoe. Bois-Guilbert was chosen to defend the honor of the Templars.

The day advances, and no champion appears in the lists, where all are waiting. At the last moment, however, comes Ivanhoe. His steed is wearied with hard riding, but he insists on trying conclusions with Bois-Guilbert. Ivanhoe is unhorsed; but to the surprise of all Bois-Guilbert reels in his saddle and falls, and in a moment Ivanhoe's foot is on his breast. He is dead, however, killed by his own violent emotions.

And now arrives on the scene the Black Knight, too late to take part in this last adventure. And now he declares himself to be Richard Plantagenet, King of England, and receives the homage of his followers, as a short time before he has received that of the gallant outlaw, Robin Hood and his band, whom he has led so successfully against the Norman barons who are the King's secret enemies, supporters of the seditious cause of his brother John, which now falls to pieces by its own weakness.

Ivanhoe marries Rowena; and Rebecca buries her love in a secluded town in Spain.)

(Final note: Many have wondered why Ivanhoe was not made to marry Rebecca instead of the less interesting Rowena. The fact is, she was a Jewess, in spite of all her good qualities, and the conditions of the times would not permit a man like Ivanhoe, one of King Richard's earls and noble supporters, to enter into a union of this kind.)

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